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"A STUDY"

From Photo by LALLIE GARRET-CHARLES



MR. ARTHUR COLLINS

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

Piecing a Pantomime

BEHIND THE SCENES AT OLD DRURY

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR *THE LUDGATE*



LET US GO BEHIND. It wanted no second bidding from the genial Mr. Knowles, Mr. Arthur Collins' right-hand man at Drury Lane, to guide our footsteps in the direction of the grand old curtain, and behind it inspect some of the many side-shows in which the annual pantomime is practically created. No one who has not wandered through the endless array of dressing-rooms, paint-rooms, property-

rooms and wardrobe departments, which lie behind the auditorium of the famous house, can realise the enormous extent—the amount of money necessary to keep it in ordinary comfort and repair, and the valuable employment it affords to dozens of hands—of this gas-lit world of preparation. To prepare is the keynote of Drury Lane; its staff, from call-boy to scene-painter, is universally in a state of progressive advancement. Never a day goes by without a word from the chief

that this must go, and that come in. A new scene, a fresh part, a change in costume, the "scheming" for a new play, the outline of its component parts, an unexpected matinée; all such and many other contingencies must be anticipated, must be so crystallised as to be absolutely ready.

But we must confine our attention in this article to the manufacture of the Old Drury pantomime, for so many years the standard entertainment of the

stage is infectious off; their eccentric capers and panto-witticisms, gleaned from their brains and not from the book of the piece, are of a nature, not vulgar, but eminently and discreetly original. They can express more with one grimace than many of their class can with long and laborious effort. Finally, if Drury Lane does not satisfy any reasonable appetite for mirth and splendour, the hungry should forswear pantomimes for evermore, because, if "the clown bran-



MR. DAN LENO IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM

From Photo by R. A. SHIELD

festive season. To children its grand-
escent charms, its magnificent transfor-
mations, its mysterious evolutions are
irresistible; while to the older genera-
tion, the life, dash and colour, season-
able mirth and frivolity, so admirably
intermixed, render it a harmless spectacle
at once entertaining and uncommonly
refreshing. Of Dan Leno funny man
to his finger-tips, of Herbert Campbell,
more portly but none the less brilliant,
we are never tired their hilarity on the

dishing the poker" does not suffice them
there, they cannot hope to be pleased.

A pantomime, like the sword of one's
ancestor, is a very imposing article when
it can be got on the swing, but the
risks and expense attendant on the pro-
duction of a piece that must essentially
only enjoy a limited run, make most
managers pause before they enter the
risky path. Not so the directorate at
the famous house in Catherine Street.
Risks they run, dangers they meet, vast

expenditure they incur, but, Christmas out and Christmas in, the pantomime comes on Boxing-night more resplendent and better staged than ever; each successor is supplemented by more spectacle, more tinsel and foil paper and coloured fires, and especially by many more pairs of feminine legs.

The birth of a pantomime at Drury Lane is arranged conjointly by Mr. Arthur Collins and Mr. Arthur Sturgess; they fix on the title, and, for the sake of the truth, it must be admitted that this has not been, for some time now, original. With the name of the piece definitely settled, Mr. Sturgess writes the scenario, which is submitted to Mr. Collins. This passed, there comes the complicated task of arranging the scenes and the dresses. Mr. Collins, however, with his long record of pantomimes to back him up, is a man who works remarkably quickly, and not many days elapse before instructions are received by the scene-painters and the

costume - designers, the former in London and the latter both in London and Paris, to start their arduous labour. With the outline of the annual piece well worked out in his head, Mr. Collins engages his principals; those principals, that is to say, who are not already under contract to appear in successive pantomimes. Such masters of pantomimic art as Leno and Campbell are, of course, understood to lead; in fact, the gist of the new play has been written round about these two gentlemen ever since their names have been billed as stars. The principal boy, so long sustained in days of yore by the inimitable Nellie Farren, has, so far as this year's fun is concerned, died a natural death; in her place, always a difficult one to fill, Mr. Collins cast round his experienced eye for a fine-limbed girl with a good voice. The "Captain of the Forty Thieves," usually relegated to the hands of the principal boy, has, for example, been given to a



MISS NELLIE STEWART IN HER DRESSING-ROOM

From Photo by R. A. SHIELD

low comedian, a change all will admit has distinctly added to the swing and go of the oil-pots. From the beginning of September, Mr. Collins and his manager are engaged in interviewing the chorus and the extra-ladies. Some of these are necessarily "old hands" and are re-booked immediately; but not quite all, for on many of these inspection-days one may see outside the stage-entrance the carriage of some "ultra-respectable" lady, who, for reasons best known to herself, is seeking notoriety or oblivion—for one may seek either in the green-room—on the stage of Old Drury. I

motion by means of rehearsals. These long, monotonous and worrying experiments, enacted in plain clothes, and in the operation of which the stage-manager, poor fellow, has a most trying time—for he must be Job and Cæsar in one—commence about the first week in December and continue almost every day, so far as most of the chorus and dancers are concerned, till Christmas-eve, when there is a full-dress rehearsal and the final eye of inspection is cast round. The principals, the Lenos and the Blanches, work their parts up in a clique of their own, and only appear in the full



MR. BRUCE SMITH'S PAINTING ROOM

From Photo by R. A. SHIELD

believe I am correct in stating that the usual salary paid to members of the pantomime chorus starts on a scale at twenty-five shillings a week, and this includes, of course, the use of the many costumes which go so largely to produce the supreme effect. In selection of candidates it is more often than not a question of height; a pretty face, however, and a good voice must tend considerably to enhance the fair applicant's chance of acceptance.

Well, then, having secured his material and his instruments, Mr. Collins commences to set the great machine in

ring on as few occasions as is absolutely necessary. But their work is none the less stupendous and exhausting. It is computed that dividing the final book into six parts, nearly five of these are composed by the ubiquitous "star" in the course of rehearsal. Set aside the idea that the authors are responsible for much of Dan Leno's talking.

If the human part of the annual spectacle takes time in preparation, the scenic arrangements demand just as much brain-searching and organisation. The paint-room at Drury Lane, lying south-east of the stage, is a commodious



ROPES GALORE !

From Photo by R. A. SHIELD

compartment, some forty feet high. Here the set scenes, forty-two feet by thirty feet, are executed; the paint-frames are suspended against the walls by ropes with counter-weights attached, and are raised or lowered by means of a winch. I was permitted to inspect the model miniature theatre constructed for the present pantomime. The interior of its stage, very ingeniously moulded, is exactly identical, and drawn to minute scale, with the enormous platform, its great counterpart, lying north-west. There is a staff working on these gigantic scenes—which are rolled up when completed and taken round to the stage—consisting of half-a-dozen artists, who are engaged in their duties all day long, and sometimes far into the night if work presses. Twenty-seven distinct colourings, it seems, are brought into requisition; a palette containing one set of them measured three feet six inches by four feet. Many of the pantomime scenes are the handiwork of Mr. Bruce Smith, whose scenic artists may be seen in our illustration discussing the local colouring of a big sheet.

The art of scene-painting is not learnt in a day, as Mr. Arthur Collins himself, and even the late George Augustus Sala—both scene-painters in their time—found by experience. As far back as

1846 Mr. J. M. Maddox engaged G. A. S. as assistant scene-painter at the old Princess's Theatre, where he laboured night and day on the coming pantomime. One of the comic scenes was a tableau of the Arctic regions which was metamorphosed into a kitchen full of blazing fire-places and cooks in white jerkins and caps. All the kitchen utensils, which were projected on a fiery background, had to cast the very deepest of shadows, which it was Mr. Sala's business to delineate; and he used up so many pots of sable colour in painting these shadows that he was known among his colleagues as the "gentleman in black." He likewise helped to model all the pantomime masks, and to paint and gild the "properties"—technical training which stood G. A. S. in very good stead years afterwards, when he was examined as a witness in the great Belt case, and asked somewhat insolently by one of the counsel whether he knew anything practically about plastic modelling, with regard to which he was being examined. The famous journalist told the learned gentleman that he could model heads well enough, and would be charmed to model his, wig and all, if he liked.

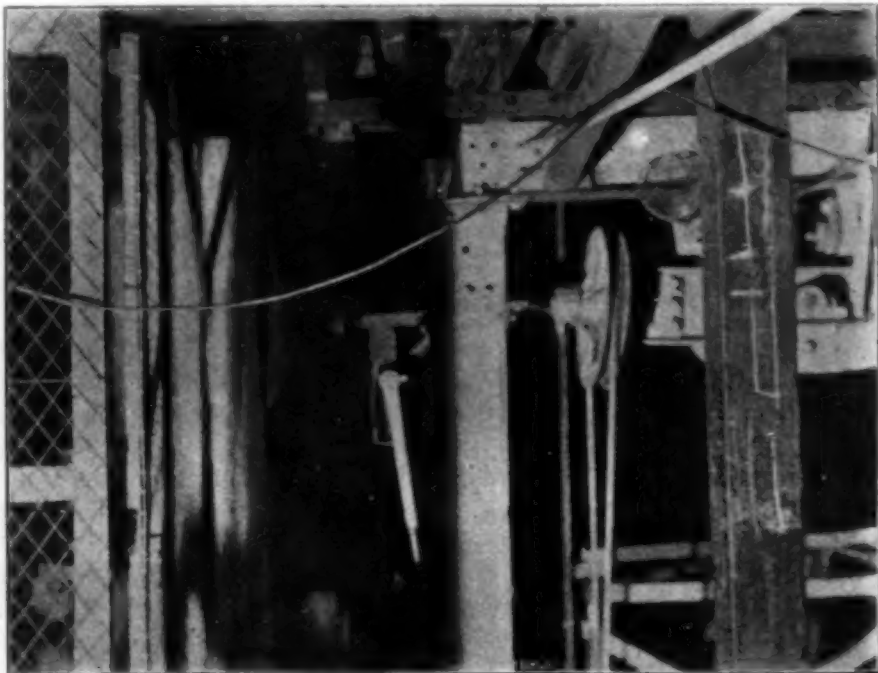
Space is lacking to enter with any length into the service of the many

rooms which lie behind the great stage. Each is a piece of the great machinery, and each shows inside masterly fingers at work. There, for instance, is the property room, stuffed full of beautiful and, at the same time, weird-looking models, plaster heads, huge animal carcasses, heads of birds and fishes, and almost every kind of dramatic device known to the late Sir Augustus Harris and his successors. There is a distinct smell of paint and varnish about this zoological museum, for most of the properties are new, very few—one may say, scarcely any—are used a second time at Drury Lane. As many as one hundred men find plenty to occupy their time in the moulding room with all its wires, its windows, and its witchery. Here it is where the material for the great transformation scene is hammered and wrung into shape, where the wonderful waterfall in this year's "panto" was fitted in pieces, and the beautifully realistic imitations of well-known porcelain, designed by Signor Cornelli from almost every famous factory in the world, produced. These "China" dresses, worn by the fair Thieves (who would not be a thief under these conditions?) have founda-

tions of aluminium, which fasten in a moment like a cuirass, and are but half as heavy as the ordinary materials previously adopted.

There are several wardrobe departments, requiring the services of an army of dressmakers, who, at the time of our tour of inspection, were busily plying their fingers in the creation of the many-hued chorus dresses. They work by gaslight, a fact which, prolonged as their work is, must be somewhat trying to the eyes, but counterbalancing is their good pay. The principal dressing-rooms at Drury Lane are exceedingly handsome compartments, commodious and comfortable. We give Miss Nellie Stuart in her private dressing-room, practising her kettle-drum, and waiting for her cue to go on as "Ganem"; and the features of this year's "Captain" are easily recognisable on the previous page. Then there is a very quaint and old-fashioned subterranean room, known as the Bill-room, where repose every poster and placard used since the inauguration of Drury Lane pantomimes—and, indeed, the hundreds of dramas—to advertise their successive charms.

It is a significant fact, as depicting



THE LIFTS UNDER THE STAGE

From Photo by R. A. SHIELD

the extensive premises which lie behind the front of the oldest theatre in London, that its working gives employment, in the annual pantomime, to no less than one thousand people. What must the aggregate salary amount to? Of this I could get no definite information, but it appears that the average daily receipts at a pantomime total up to £1,000 a day, or £500 for each performance. The record "gate" is about £600.

Turning to the stage proper, we find here a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. There are sixty scene-shifters, employed to work the chains, pulleys and ropes, which, like magic, change the plan of action from Timbuctoo to Tooting, from Iceland's freezy mountains to Soho's dreary squares. Hydraulics and electricity are now both adopted as ground leverage powers. The former has a lifting capacity of thirty tons, and has a pressure of 120 lbs. to every square inch. Divided into four divisions, which may be tilted seven feet in any direction, they extend, according to requirements, twelve feet above, or seven feet below, the stage. By the elaborate electrical appliances, the installation of which has quite recently been effected, yet another step forward has been taken towards the goal of absolute perfection in the matter of its stage manipulations which Old Drury has persistently aimed at. The adjustment of stage levels at different heights, to meet the requirements of big scenic effects, is one of the most important problems to be solved by the stage machinist. Hitherto, manual labour has had to be employed to a very large extent, but by means of Mr. Sachs's electrical machinery, the same result has been obtained in a fraction of the time, and with but a tithe of the labour. The appliances for constructing the necessary banks or levels take the form of so-called "bridges," raised or lowered by electricity, and each working separately. Thus, by the mere pressure of a button, the whole width of the stage floor can be raised or lowered, practically, at any point desired in the space of a few seconds. In a word, by means of the new ap-

pliances, the whole of the stage floor has been rendered mobile and adjustable to an extent altogether unique. Each individual section or "bridge" measures forty feet by seventy feet, and weighs about six tons, of which about four tons are counterbalanced; while they travel up and down about twenty feet. The motive power is from the ordinary electric supply mains over a four-pole motor, developing $7\frac{1}{2}$ horsepower at 520 revolutions per minute. Suspended from cables, the "bridges" work over the motor, and allow the former to be raised, with the necessary load, at rates varying from six to twenty feet per minute. There is every safeguard against accident; in the event of any current derangement, the appliances can be worked by hand-gear.

Such are some of the features which strike a casual observer, when, a tyro in dramatic ways and means, he inspects the world of wonder behind the scenes. In front, we all know the blessings and joys of a pantomime. The show is by no means in a declining or unhealthy way, despite the fact that the conditions of pantomimes have wholly altered since the beginning of the century. A Grimaldi or a Boleyn would—one may be forgiven for thinking—have scorned a pantomime of to-day, because there would have been practically nothing for them to do—little, at any rate, on which they could have exercised their talent. Variety shows or burlesques, judiciously savoured with the latest ditties from the "halls," have superseded the old harlequinade; the openings have become the attraction, and the "comic" scenes the yawning time before supper. As the season advances, so does the quality of the piece; its inner details improve, and its plotless cast extend their budget of jocundity. Augustus Harris never attempted to prune and cut until Boxing Day was over—for a Drury Lane Boxing Night is very little better than an elaborate dress rehearsal—and well was it. There is no critic like the great B.P., whatever the professional literary discounter may say. And this truism the new Druriolanus is the last not to realise.



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MONTAGU BARSTOW

"**M**Y dear lady," said Count Ipanoff, lazily lounging back in his chair, "will you permit me to make the not very brilliant observation that you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill?"

"Monsieur," retorted Xenia, with indignation, "you propose to me that I should steal my husband's keys, open his bureau like any common thief, search for papers he has thought fit to conceal from me, and call all that a moral mole-hill?"

"But, *chère Comtesse*, I would not for worlds ask you to do anything so vulgar. Steal?—thief?—*fi donc!* What ugly words. Serge Pawlowitch is my friend—oh! you need not elevate those pretty eyebrows of yours in that contemptuous way. I repeat it. Serge is my friend. He is, I know, implicating himself in some illegal dangerous concerns. I ask you to help me to get him honourably out of it. *Voilà tout!*"

"And this worthy object is to be

attained by dishonourable means?" said Xenia.

"By perfectly legitimate means," said Count Ipanoff, impatiently. "I need not, surely," he added, after a slight pause, during which he once more assumed his official sang-froid, "remind you, after one year of matrimony, of Serge Pawlowitch's obstinate—shall I say firm?—character. If I were at this moment to openly warn him of his danger—suggest means of warding off the catastrophe—he would throw himself more wildly than ever into these perilous adventures, and then not even I—not even you—could attempt to save him."

"My husband is full of enthusiasm for any cause that commands his sympathy," said Countess Xenia; "but you spoke of danger — of catastrophe — Count Ipanoff. I do not understand."

They were sitting apart from Countess Xenia's other guests, who made merry in the sumptuously lighted ball-room beyond. Here, in this somewhat remote conservatory, where the air was heavy

with the penetrating scent of tuberose and orange blossom, the sound of the lively gipsy music was heard but dimly, and seemed as if it came from some region akin to dreamland. And Countess Xenia felt as if she, too, would wake suddenly, after having, perhaps, dropped asleep in this highly-scented atmosphere, and dreaming curious, disturbing dreams, vague threats of something that would mar the perfect happiness of this one year of wedded bliss.

"You spoke of a catastrophe, Count Ipanoff?" she said once more, imperiously. "I must ask you to be a little more clear."

Count Ipanoff allowed his sharp, acute features to assume an air of anxious gravity; he even went the length of throwing aside the eternal cigarette, that always was to be found between his fingers, and which enabled him, by its comforting presence, to carry on the most momentous conversation with an appearance of careless benevolence.

"God knows, Countess," he said at last, "that I have tried, by every means in my power, to keep you in actual ignorance of the abyss on the brink of which Serge Pawlowitch is even now so cheerfully walking. But you chose to misinterpret my motive in framing the request I made to you to-night, and I stand in the dreaded position of losing your esteem and further endangering Serge's position. Under the circumstances I do not hesitate in doing what, in my long career, I have never even been tempted to consider as possible. I will tell you my real reason for wishing to obtain possession of those papers, for the space of twenty-four hours, and thereby reveal to you what is an official secret."

He looked keenly at Xenia for a moment. Clearly she was nervous—agitated—evidently in a fit state to receive this confidence, which Count Ipanoff hoped would shake her resolution. "In my capacity as Chief of the Third Section," he resumed, speaking with the slowest deliberation, "I think you will admit that I know—well—most things that go on in official circles, and most of these pass through my hands. Sergius Pawlowitch has been the victim of some spiteful valet, for information

has been laid against him, and he has been placed, in spite of my influence, on the 'suspected' list. My well-known friendship for him has been, so far, a means of keeping grave annoyances from him; but he has been rigorously watched, and this morning orders have been issued that to-morrow, while he is on duty at the palace, his apartments are to be searched."

"And all your vaunted friendship for him," retorted Xenia, indignantly, "cannot prevent this indignity to be put upon him?"

"Pardon me, my dear lady," said Count Ipanoff, with a sarcastic smile, "there is no indignity in Russia in being suspected and searched—if nothing is found. I am Serge's friend, but I own, and you scarcely can blame me, my friendship for him does not go to the Quixotic length of losing for his sake my position and fortune, and forming one of the next gang en route for Eastern Siberia. But it does go to the length of giving you this timely warning, and showing you a way of averting the terrible catastrophe."

She was terribly agitated. Clearly the astute diplomatist had succeeded in making an impression on her. She, like every Russian, knew the dangers Count Ipanoff had so masterfully put before her eyes. Though she knew no details, she was convinced that her husband had been foolhardy enough to plunge into some philanthropic scheme, so strenuously combated by the Russian police, and the discovery of which meant exile, if not worse. "Let me call him to you at once," she pleaded eagerly, half rising from her chair.

Count Ipanoff placed a restraining hand on her arm, and said gently:

"My dear Countess, Serge commits the inexcusable blunder of mistrusting every one, including myself—including even his young wife; but," he added, looking keenly at Xenia, "*not* including Madame la Comtesse, his mother."

The shot told truly, and Count Ipanoff noted with satisfaction the deep glow of mortification that for a moment marred the beauty of Xenia's brilliant complexion.

"You see, chère Madame, how useless it would be for me to appeal either to

Serge or to the Dowager ; you are the only one in this house who is free from the hot-headed enthusiasm for forlorn causes that unfortunately but too often pervades the youth of to-day. I——”

“Say no more, Monsieur, I understand it all. What do you wish me to do ?” said Xenia, with the sudden resolution so often found in vacillating characters.

“Let me take charge of the papers relating to this so-called Brotherhood, which Serge so carelessly keeps in his bureau, for the space of twenty-four hours. The police will come to-morrow,

search the house, and, having found nothing, Sergius will be safe ; moreover, he will no doubt benefit by the wholesome fright, and, in all probability, be more careful in future than to risk his life and freedom for so worthless a cause.”

“Will you swear to me that, twenty-four hours after you have had those papers, you will return them to Serge, and yourself explain to him the motive that led me into apparently so dishonourable a course ?”

“Serge Pawlowitch, Madame, will but honour and love you better for so nobly sacrificing your feelings for the



“HER ANXIOUS EAR HAD CAUGHT THE RUSTLE OF A SILK DRESS CLOSE BEHIND”

sake of his safety, and in future, perhaps, trust himself less and his wife more."

"How shall I convey the papers to you?"

"Will you honour me by leaving them yourself at my house, to-morrow morning? Thus there will be no third party—not even the post—to our secret."

"That means that I must get those papers to-night and ——"

She stopped suddenly, and turned a little pale; her anxious ear had caught the rustle of a silk dress close behind her.

"My dear Xenia," said an imperious voice—a woman's—"Serge has been searching for you; some of your guests are departing, and your absence is causing comment."

Count Ipanoff, who had risen on hearing the voice, now smiled sarcastically, as the young Countess frowned angrily, biting her lips, while she directed a searching gaze on her mother-in-law's face, which was, however, calm and impassive.

The old lady allowed Xenia to pass before her, and then, turning, bowed coldly to Count Ipanoff.

The next moment both the ladies had disappeared beyond the palm and orange trees, and Count Ipanoff was left standing alone.

He took a cigarette and lighted it with every sign of the keenest enjoyment.

"My good Serge Pawlowitch," he said to himself, with a tone of sarcasm, "this comes of not trusting that pretty wife of yours as much as she deserves. If you had, she would know that to-morrow morning you intended depositing those papers in the august hands of Grand Duke Paul, the exalted member of your Brotherhood, who would have taken them to Paris before we dared to lay a finger on him, and they would have been lost to us for ever. As it is——well! well! it was a hard job. Dear me! it took me three-quarters of an hour to persuade a woman to open a desk and look inside to see if her husband has any secrets. It would have been done in five minutes some twenty years ago; women must be beginning to think that the code of honour has also been framed for them."

When he returned to the ball-room he

saw Countess Xenia chatting gaily to her guests. Her nervousness seemed to have disappeared. When he took his final leave of her he thought that her lips framed the words:

"To-morrow, at ten o'clock."

CHAPTER II.

Everyone had pronounced it the most successful ball of the season. Even in St. Petersburg, where one brilliant function followed another, Count and Countess Platow were acknowledged to be paramount in the art of dazzling their guests by the magnificence of their entertainments, the unimpeachable choiceness of their suppers.

Now, the last guest had long departed, the army of valets had extinguished all the lights, and the magnificent palace on the Prospekt lay dark and calm within and without. And yet what it was that disturbed the old Countess Platow that night she could not herself tell—a nameless, undefinable dread—a presentiment of some terrible evil to come. Associated, as she was, with her son in all his philanthropic—so absolutely injudicious—plans, she knew of the important papers that had been entrusted to him by the Brotherhood with a view to being handed over, at the earliest opportunity, into the safe keeping of their powerful ally, the Grand Duke Paul.

It was this knowledge that rendered Countess Olga so restless that night—that made her shudder with an undefinable dread; and yet everything within the palace was absolutely quiet. She had vainly tried for the last two weary hours to catch some sound that might prove suspicious—nothing—and yet she could not rest. Stay! what was that? The clock of a neighbouring church had struck three but a few moments ago. Was it the vibration in the cold, frosty air, or what? That soft sound—a rustle—on the wide landing, outside the Dowager's rooms?

Hastily, but with infinite precaution, wrapping a dark cloak round her shoulders, the old Countess opened her door and peered anxiously round, vainly trying to pierce the gloom. It was intense; she could see nothing; and yet

she once more thought she heard that soft sound—that rustle, as of silk and lace over the thickly-carpeted stairs.

At that moment the moon—a clear, frosty December moon—suddenly peering between some clouds, struck full through the large stained-glass windows, and bathed the hall and the staircase in a flood of many-coloured lights; and there, on the topmost step, stood the graceful figure of Countess Xenia, who had paused, startled with the sudden brilliancy, with one hand on the heavy draperies that masked the entrance to her own apartments; the other hand, across which the coloured glass threw a blood-red streak, convulsively grasped a bundle of papers.

Before the horror-stricken Dowager had strength to shriek or stir, the graceful figure had disappeared within the door, and closed it noiselessly.

For two or three minutes Countess Olga stood rooted to the spot, as if spell-bound. Her mind refused to credit the evidence of her sight—refused to even attempt to grasp the meaning of what she had just seen—the confirmation of her worst, unspoken fears.

Oh, the horror of this discovery—the vile, abject treachery of the wife spying upon her husband, worse than any Judas—the basest thing on earth. In one instant the bitter hatred, nurtured in that mother's heart against her who had dared to share—nay, to usurp—the love that had once been wholly hers, found self-justification at last. How triumphant she would feel, when presently she would call her son and proclaim to him the treachery of his wife—the wife he had so idolised, on whom he had lavished every luxury his love could desire, and who repaid him by robbing him of his keys and betraying him and his comrades into the hands of a government that never pardons.

The old Countess pictured to herself the disgrace of the young wife—the love of the husband changed to horror and loathing—then, the following day, the wife, the traitor, forced to quit her husband's roof, an object of scorn and derision, the talk of the moujks and valets below stairs, and the broken-hearted son seeking rest and consolation in his mother's arms.

Aye! a weird, a heart-breaking picture enough—but—after that? what would happen afterwards? What course would the disgraced, embittered young wife take—thirsting for revenge, the secrets she had learned would become deadlier weapons than ever in her hands, and having found no pardon, she would mete out none. And then—there rose before Countess Olga's eyes visions of dark prisons in Moscow—mock trials—hurried wholesale condemnations—and a long dreary tramp across arid forests and snow-covered plains to that distant, living tomb, Siberia. The revenge would be sweet and full—the disgrace triumphantly avenged; free once more, the traitor wife would find a new field for her infamy.

While these conflicting visions chased each other in the dowager lady's fever-excited brain, the minutes had rapidly fled. She had heard her daughter-in-law, after a few moments, leave her own room and softly find her way to her husband's apartments—no doubt, to replace the stolen key; then presently, from Serge Platow's room a sound of merry laughter reached her ear. The traitress, having safely accomplished her vile purpose, could not resist looking at her sleeping victim. He had wakened up—she had given him a Judas kiss, and was even now chatting and laughing merrily with him.

Oh! for some inspiration, some way of rendering the traitress, the spy, powerless to accomplish the evil she had contemplated—powerless and silenced for ever.

CHAPTER III.

Countess Xenia, full of joy at the success of her undertaking—one that she felt convinced would place her beloved husband in security—had indeed, once the keys safely replaced, yielded to the temptation of waking Serge for one instant, for the mere pleasure of hearing his voice tell her in half-sleepy tones how he had even at that moment been dreaming of her sweet face. "How was it she was not yet in bed? Was it late?" Xenia said it was not very late, she had been over-tired by her party, and could not find rest in sleep; she was going to bed immediately.

Five minutes afterwards she was back in her own apartments, agitated, nervous, yet so proud and happy. He had not thought fit to trust her, his young wife; he had given his fullest confidence to his mother, who sat dreaming of Utopias while her son was in direst danger. But, thank God! Xenia was there to guard, to protect, to save, willing to risk her reputation, and at dead of night do what might be interpreted as a traitor's deed.

There were the papers safe enough now; they should stay under her pillow that night, and the next morning, the kind friend who had warned her would have them in his safe keeping till all danger was passed—and then—after that—when Serge would know all. . . .

"Woman! traitress! give me back those papers!"

Xenia heard these words almost hissed in her ear by a voice rendered unrecognisable with suppressed passion. Terrified, she turned to find herself face to face with Countess Olga, in whose eyes there gleamed such a look of deadly hatred that the young wife recoiled terror-stricken, only grasping tighter the bundle of papers, the possession of which meant safety to her husband, and which this mad woman was demanding with so fierce, so insulting a tone.

But the Dowager saw the gesture, the hand tightening over those papers; hatred, fanaticism, and terror for her son seemed to have completely mastered this elderly aristocratic woman.

"I will hear no words," she whispered, "I heard you, like a thief in the night; you stole them from my son's desk. Traitress! give them up, or I cry shame on you, and expose you to your household as the traitress that you are!"

But Xenia did not move, and her hands clutched more tightly than ever the papers—those fatal papers—determined to defend them at any cost.

"Leave me at once," she gasped out at last; "you do not know what you are talking about; this is my husband's house, my own room—I command you to leave it."

"Not before I have those papers, traitress, spy; the papers you would use to ruin your own husband!"

"You are mad!" retorted Xenia, indignantly.

"I am mad, and you are frightened! Why don't you ring, then, for your servants? Why don't you call your husband? Tell them that Olga Platow is mad, that she is trying to force you to give up what you do not possess, that what you even now hold clutched in your hand are your latest invitations for your next ball. Why don't you ring, I ask you, Xenia Nicolaiewna, and give a spectacle to your moujiks of your maniac mother-in-law?"

She was hissing these words through her teeth, terrified herself lest she should wake the household, and rouse Serge. With Polish fanaticism she wished to deal with the traitress herself; she had found her out—let hers be the glory of the punishment.

The sumptuous walls of the Platow Palace, the luxurious bedrooms of Countess Xenia, had indeed never witnessed so curious a spectacle before. No wonder that even the moon tried to get a peep through the heavy curtains that masked the windows. For those two refined aristocratic women, were wrestling now, as any two moujiks' wives, with all the impotent strength of their delicate wrists. They were not as yet doing each other much harm, but one was young and taken unawares, and the other had fanaticism and hatred to give her muscle and courage. Before Xenia was fully able to defend herself, the old Dowager, with strength far beyond her years, had passed two strong arms round the figure of her daughter-in-law, and having with a desperate effort lifted her from off the ground, threw her heavily down on to the floor, deliberately knocking the youthful head, with savage fury, against the corner of a table near by. The young Countess fell pale and inert upon the carpet, a thin streak of blood dyeing her fair, curly hair.

The Dowager looked down for a moment at the terrible deed she had just accomplished. An unmistakable ashen hue had already overspread Xenia's features; the eyes, however, were still open, staring lifelessly upwards, while a terrible convulsive twitch disfigured the childlike mouth; an awful look of a last agonised horror was imprinted upon the face,



"THE DOWAGER LOOKED DOWN FOR A MOMENT AT THE TERRIBLE
DEED SHE HAD ACCOMPLISHED"

that otherwise had the marble stillness of death. The one hand held still tightly clutched the fatal papers. Countess Olga, with complete self-possession, took them from between the already rigid fingers; but when she looked at the young face and that ever-widening streak of blood, she shuddered a little, and wrapped her mantle closer round her shivering shoulders. "God has willed it," was all she said, as with a half-sigh of pity she closed those lifeless eyes in their last long sleep.

When the moon at last succeeded in peering through the velvet curtains, her beams rested complacently on that fair, solitary figure, clad in costly silk and lace, rigid as a marble image, but wearing

still the last agonised look on the child-like face, and like a half-suppressed shriek in the partially open mouth.

In another room there knelt on her *prie Dieu* an old woman, with grey head bent, reciting the prayers for the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

Everyone felt sympathy and sorrow for the young and devoted husband, who daily was to be seen in the shady garden that sloped towards the Mediterranean, by the side of his invalid wife's couch, watching with loving anxiety for the return of a faint spark of vitality in those dull, lustreless eyes.

It was such a sad case, people whis-

pered; the young couple had only been married a year, and were said to idolise each other, when the terrible catastrophe occurred. Very little was really known about that, outside the precincts of the sumptuous Platow Palace, only what servants gossiped, and that, as is well known, is not always reliable; but Countess Xenia's maid had since often described to her mistress' kind enquiring friends what a terrible shock she had sustained that fatal morning, when, on entering the Countess' apartments, she had first caught sight of the young figure lying in a pool of blood, life being apparently extinct. One or two of the servants also spoke—but only in an awed whisper—of the terrible despair of Serge Pawlowitch, when the dread news was first broken to him by the Dowager Countess, whose motherly love and fortitude, in the great hour of trial, had done much to preserve her son's reason, his very life. It was through the great Professeur Martillon, hastily summoned from Paris, that St. Petersburg society first heard that Countess Xenia's life, so long despaired of, was at last pronounced by the eminent specialist to be out of danger, and through him that it heard with awed sympathy that, though the great man's skill had saved the body, it had been unable to save the mind.

And the wreck of what had once been the beautiful Countess Xenia Platow was now daily to be seen in that shady garden at San Remo, and by her side, like a faithful shadow, the prematurely aged form of her young husband. He had brought her here, amid these beautiful surroundings, in the wild hope that Nature would help that tottering reason; that away from the cold, cheerless North she would once more revive to outward influences, remember—for memory had left her,—speak to him—for she had lost even the power of speech. And she clung to him with the unconscious affection of a wounded animal, a wild terror now and then distorting her still beautiful features, which nothing but his soothing words could chase away; but she did not even know who she was, and would sometimes look at him enquiringly, pleadingly, with a hunted-down expression that drove him well-nigh to despair.

"My dear Mother—M. Martillon thinks that as my darling is so much improved in bodily health it would be advisable to take her back home. He has for the first time expressed a hope that her familiar surroundings might very gradually bring back a few glimmers of memory. I hardly dare to even contemplate such a possibility, the bare idea of it seems to unhinge me. It will be a great happiness to me to see your dear face again after these three years of separation. I am sure you will be sadly shocked to see my darling, and I pray that she may not evince towards you the same fear that she seems to do towards all human creatures, save myself. Pray with me and for me, mother, that this long torture may at last cease.

"Your loving son,
SERGE."

P.S.—We hope to be in Petersburg on Thursday."

The letter dropped from Countess Olga's hand, and for hours after she had read it she sat buried in thought, not heeding that the fire had burnt low and her feet and hands felt chill and numb. Xenia here! in this house once more? It seemed so strange, so unreal a thing, she had never thought of it even as a remote possibility. The murderess face to face with her victim! the executioner with her whom her fanaticism had condemned! She shuddered a little as she thought she would have to touch her, probably kiss her, whom she had last seen lying lifeless on the floor, and for whom she had recited the prayers for the dead.

While the great doctor had attended Xenia he had forbidden everyone except her husband to approach her, for she seemed to have a fearful dread of every human creature, save him. She was taken away to San Remo three years ago, and Countess Olga never set eyes on her since that fateful night. And then her son! Oh, what bitter thoughts welled in that mother's heart when she saw that son's misery, caused by *her* hand!—or was it God's justice?

The fatal papers had been safe; in the confusion of that eventful morning, Serge had forgotten their very existence,

and when at last he did remember them, his mother told him that, ever watchful, she had thought of them, and, finding them in his desk, had deposited them safely in the Grand Duke's hands.

And in two days she would see her son again; and then?—after that?—what had fate in store for her? would the judge become the accused?

She lived in a state of feverish agitation while the rooms in the palace, so long shut up, were once more aired and adorned for the return of the long absent master and mistress.

Serge Pawlowitch was the first to greet his mother, and her heart ached when she saw in his whitened hair, his stooping figure, the ravages that grief had wrought in him.

But Xenia! Oh! will Serge ever forget the terrible heartrending shriek that she uttered when, led gently towards her mother-in-law by her husband's loving hand, she first caught sight of Countess Olga? Rage, hatred, madness, and an ungovernable fear, all were expressed in that one long, wailing, piercing cry, the first she had uttered for more than three years, as with one arm outstretched, she clung to her husband in an agony of terror, and the next moment fell fainting on the floor.

For days she hovered 'twixt life and death, in this, the great crisis of her terrible affliction, and during these days Countess Olga, more dead than alive, flitted through the house like a ghost. That the great crisis had arrived she had little doubt. From this struggle Xenia would either emerge with a recurrence of memory, or death would put an end to all her misery.

The great French doctor, once more in attendance, shrugged his knowing shoulders, and said that Xenia's youthful constitution must do the battle now. If she lived, no doubt her reason would return. Could she live? Ah! that he could not say! God had secrets the greatest doctor could not fathom. Absolute rest, complete peace; she would not require much nursing. He himself would spend the days with her, and let her husband watch her at night—that is, sleep in the same room, in case she stirred—Serge was such a light sleeper; and it was best that if she woke to

consciousness the first face she saw should be his.

And it was one brilliant moonlight night that Xenia, after that long three years' sleep, once more awoke to life and reason. How strange everything seemed—and why was her husband lying asleep on a sofa near her bedside?—and why was his hair tinged with grey?—what was the reason of those lines of pain round his mouth?

Xenia sat up in bed. She felt giddy and faint, but otherwise rested and well. The moon was shining full into the room. What had happened? Oh, yes—she remembered—Count Ipanhoff—the papers—she hoped it was not too late—she must get them at once—but gently, she must not wake her husband.

With the stealthiness of a ghost she crept out of bed, and looked round her. There on the table were her husband's watch, pocket-book, and keys. She took them up gently; then paused, terrified, looking at her husband, afraid lest he should wake. But no, he was sleeping soundly; but oh! how tired, how weary he looked! Xenia wondered why.

With infinite precaution she wrapped a mantle round her shoulders and glided out of the room. Not a sound in the palace. She would have plenty of time to get the papers and go back to her room before her husband awoke. But why was he asleep on a sofa near her bedside?—and why did he look so old? Her poor head began to ache—her temples to throb—oh! she hoped she would have the strength to accomplish her difficult task.

How clumsy she was! She could not remember which key opened the desk. And then—surely she had already got those papers—had taken them upstairs—replaced the keys—said "Good night" to Serge—who *was* in his own bed. Yes! and then she had gone back to her room—and—oh! why did her temples throb so? Yes, she had heard a voice say "Traitor! Spy! give me back those papers." That voice was a woman's. Whose was it?—that she could not remember, but she had seen the woman, who was old, yet strong like a witch—had put her arms round her—and—



"SHE HAD HEARD A VOICE SAY 'TRAITRESS! SPY!'"

"Fiend! murderess! I remember now! Serge! help! help! I die! She will kill me! Serge, help!"

For the door had gently opened, and Countess Olga, driven by some undefinable dread, and with ears rendered doubly sharp by overwhelming anxiety, had, in her sleeplessness, thought that some soft sounds emerged from her son's study. Hastily throwing a wrap

round her shoulders, she had descended to the lower floor, and pushed back the heavy door as gently as possible, and now stood rooted to the spot, her cheeks blanched, her teeth chattering, unable to move, but staring helplessly at the young figure all in white, pale as one risen from the dead, pointing with a shaking hand and calling her "murderess!"

The blow had fallen swift and sudden. The human creature that had dared take God's justice in her own hands found relentless fate before her at last. Already she could hear Serge's footsteps on the stairs, rushing terror-stricken, unable to understand, soon to find his mother pointed at by that shaking hand. And still Xenia kept repeating, as if in a horrible dream, "Murderess! Serge, help!"

"Xenia!" came in an agonised tone from Serge, as, pushing past his mother, he made a rush forward and placed his protecting arms round the trembling form of his young wife. But her face had assumed a still more pallid hue, her eyes, now no longer dilated with terror, but softened with a sudden pity, were fixed towards Countess Olga, while the hand no longer pointed with scorn, but trembled as if it wished to help.

When Serge at last took his eyes off his young wife's face to look at his mother, he was just in time to catch her in his arms as she tottered and fell. Terrified beyond expression, unable to understand the scene he had just witnessed, Serge could only

tenderly place his mother on the couch and stare helplessly from her to his wife, hardly daring to ask for an explanation. Xenia's piteous cries for his help, mingling with her agonised shrieks of denunciation of "murderess" hurled at his mother, rang in his ear, while he gazed at the awful ending to this unknown tragedy, which the Dowager had written with her own hands.

For Countess Olga, unable to face the retributive justice of man, had taken up the large dagger-like knife that lay on the table close to her hand, and gone to seek mercy at a higher throne.

It was not until many days after, that Xenia was able to give her husband some explanation of that terrible midnight scene, of his mother's crime and her self-inflicted punishment. But with the gentleness born of long suffering she said all that she could to arouse pity for

the patriot and fanatic in that grief-stricken son's heart. When Serge Platow now thinks of his mother, sorrow for all the remorse she must have endured mingles with the bitterness of his remembrance of her terrible crime; but he never visits her grave in the sumptuous family vault at St. Petersburg. He and his wife live in Paris, and endeavour to forget all they have suffered in the magnificent Platow Palace.





PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA (*original in Messrs. Puttick's offices*)

From "The House"

No. 47. Leicester Square

WRITTEN BY A. HENRIQUES VALENTINE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS
REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF "THE HOUSE"

THE historical landmarks of Bohemian London of the eighteenth century are rapidly disappearing. One by one, old houses associated with the most illustrious names in English arts and letters are pulled down, and modern warehouses and offices, erected on the spot which should be sacred to memory dear, rear their business heads instead. Londoners are dreadfully unsympathetic in the preservation of historic buildings—they entertain no sentiment for bricks and mortar; but to our American

cousins the rapid disappearance of old and artistic London is a matter of deep regret. An educated American prides himself on the fact that the first place he visits in England is Stratford-on-Avon, then the Tower of London, then St. Paul's and the Abbey, and finally the old Bohemian haunts round Fleet Street, Covent Garden, and Leicester Square. Your average matter-of-fact Englishman does not connect Leicester Square with any romantic or artistic associations of a bygone age, except indeed, as a contemporary writer recently said, when romance dances in pink

tights under the limelights, in one of those magnificent spectacular shows for which the Alhambra Theatre still stands unrivalled. At one period nearly every house in Leicester Square, or Leicester Fields, as they were called, was celebrated as being the residence of some great Englishman; but the houses gradually fell under the builder's hammer, till only two or three remain, viz., No. 30, Sir William Hogarth's house, now Archbishop Tenison's Schools, and No. 47, the residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at present occupied by the eminent auctioneers, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

No building in this Bohemian quarter has a more interesting history than No. 47, but the fiat has gone forth that the house in which the great Sir Joshua lived for 32 years (from 1760 to 1792), and where he painted most of his finest pictures, is to be pulled down almost immediately, and a modern edifice to be erected on the spot. As No. 47 stands now, there is very little difference in its outward appearance than in the last century, when Sir Joshua gathered round him Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Boswell, Gibbon, Sterne, Burney, and a host of other great names to those historic dinner parties in Leicester Fields, and where he had receptions for those ladies of fashion and quality whom he entertained, or the famous beauties whom he painted, and for whose hooped petticoats, and silks and satins and furbelows, he erected the beautiful wide staircase, with the graceful outward curves of the banisters, which can still be seen, and which now leads from the hall to the great auction-room above. This staircase was justly considered one of the finest in London, and it is to be hoped that this beautiful relic will at least be preserved as a memento of the glorious dead.

Sir Joshua seems to have been put to considerable expense when he first moved into his house in Leicester Fields. He had previously been living in a less imposing residence quite near the spot, but finding himself sufficiently established to move in a higher sphere, Mr. Reynolds (as he was then) quitted his residence in Newport Street and removed to Leicester Fields.

Reynolds confessed that "this speculation" cost him all the property he had then realised. He gave £1,650 for a lease of the house for 47 years, and laid out £1,500 in addition in the erection of a gallery and painting room. The square was at that time described as "a very handsome, open square, railed round and gravelled within. The buildings are very good and well inhabited, and frequented by the gentry." To meet this extra outlay and to mark his rise in the social sphere, Sir Joshua increased his charges for portrait painting when he took up his residence in his new house, and his fees for the three orders of portraits—viz., "head, Kit-cat, and whole length"—were increased to 25, 50 and 100 guineas respectively. Notwithstanding this extra charge, all the beauty and talent in the land flocked to his painting room at No. 47, "conscious of being handed down to posterity with all the advantages which pictorial science could achieve."

His painting room was quite a modest compartment in its way, and not quite an ideal place to receive all the celebrated beauties and high-born dames who flounced their hoop petticoats about and rustled their silk gowns from nine in the morning till the "wee sma" hours of the following day. The room can still be seen. It is of octagonal form, about 20 feet by 16, with a small window to admit the light, and the famous chair for his sitters was raised 18 inches from the ground and turned round on castors.* His mode of living, we are told, was in other respects suitably elegant. To celebrate the opening of his painting gallery, "Mr. Reynolds gave a ball and refreshments to a numerous and elegant company," which ball was the forerunner of those dinners which were in themselves enough to make 47, Leicester Square famous for all time.

* After Sir Joshua's death No. 47 was taken by Lord Inchiquin, who presented the painter's chair to Barry, the R.A. It was afterwards sold by auction and secured by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It then passed into the hands of Sir M. A. Shee, and at his sale, in 1851, it was bought by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., for £5. 15s. 6d. I do not know what became of it afterwards, but it may be in the possession of the Royal Academy, which has a small collection of Sir Joshua's relics.

The square was now noted for the number of carriages that drove up to the great painter's doors at all times of the day, and we might add night as well, but none attracted so much attention as Sir Joshua's own equipage. This was an imposing specimen of the coachmaker's art. Chevalier's donkey

eminent coach-painter of the day. His coachmen wore silver-faced liveries, and the arrival or departure of this magnificent carriage always drew an admiring crowd of aristocratic urchins from the immediate neighbourhood, while on other occasions the head coachman found a profitable "perq." in



THE FAMOUS STAIRCASE

From "*The House*"

barrow, "which knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," never created so many feelings of wonder and admiration as did Sir Joshua's splendid turn-out, with the wheels partly carved and gilt, and the panels representing the four seasons of the year, beautifully painted by Charles Catton, R.A., and the most

charging a fee to the curious, who longed for a more critical view of it than could be obtained in Leicester Fields.

The artist's sister, Miss Reynolds, did the honours of No. 47. She was a very homely and modest lady, and she complained that the carriage was too showy and looked like an "advertising

medium." "What!" he once said in astonishment, "would you have it like an apothecary's carriage?"

At first sight it would seem that a prim and homely little old lady like Miss Francis Reynolds would have been the most inappropriate hostess to do the honours of a house like No. 47, which attracted all the beauties of the Court and the stage, the wits, actors, painters, playwrights, novelists, and the leaders of rank and fashion; but she seems to have got through her task, and to have made herself a great favourite with all, especially with Dr. Johnson, who would sooner take a cup of tea with "Renny," as he affectionately called her, than stronger drinks at the "Old Cheshire Cheese."

He once wrote an impromptu verse at the tea-table Miss Reynolds presided at, which ran as follows:—

Oh! hear it then, my Renny dear,
Nor hear it with a frown,
You cannot make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

The worthy doctor appears to have been a little smitten with his good-natured hostess, and whenever he could get the opportunity he would make for Leicester Fields, to have tea and a chat with Renny. The affection seems to have been reciprocal, for at one of these pleasant tea-parties Miss Reynolds said, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company, for I had an offer of a box to hear Miss Linley (the celebrated Mrs. Sheridan), but I would rather sit with you than hear her sing." "And I, madam," replied the king of flatterers, "would rather sit with you than upon a throne." When Miss Reynolds sent one of her publications (for she was an authoress and a portrait painter of no mean ability) to Johnson, he acknowledged the gift by saying that the work contained "such depth of pene-

tration, such nicety of observation, as Locke or Pascal might be proud of."

He did not seem so pleased with the lady's painting of himself, which he described as "Johnson's Grimly Ghost." He objected to lady portrait painters on the ground that "staring in men's faces is very indelicate in a female"; but he relented afterwards and wrote to Renny that he would sit for his picture to her as often as she wished, "for whenever I sit I shall be always with you." But in spite of these loving avowals, Renny did not marry, but died in 1807 in the 80th year of her age, plain Miss Reynolds.

Almost the first thing that strikes a visitor to No. 47, Leicester Square at the present day, is a reminiscence of Sir Joshua's famous dinner parties. Hanging up in the public office of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, is a fine old engraving of some of the celebrated guests



THE MARBLE MANTELPIECE (to be preserved)
From "The House"

who used to gather round Sir Joshua's hospitable board. The dinners were of the most Bohemian order imaginable, for Sir Joshua would invite a friend here and a friend there, to pop in and have the pleasure of hearing Johnson and Goldsmith and Sterne discoursing on matters literary. The consequence was that very often as many as twenty invited guests would appear on the scene, and perhaps the table was laid for eight. Then there was a scramble for plates, knives, forks, spoons and dinner. It was taking pot-luck with a vengeance, and it was often noted that if the guests were a great deal in excess of the food provided, and Dr. Johnson was present, as he invariably was, the guests had a very poor chance of getting much to eat. Then the service was bad, and the guests shouted for dinner, or were considered smart if they helped themselves. Still, with all these drawbacks, an invitation to Sir Joshua's dinners was an honour which was extended to a very limited few. Genius was represented there only, and money could not obtain an admission to the select circle in those degenerate days.

Mr. John Courtenay, one of the political guests, has perhaps given the best description of these historical dinners:—"The wine, cookery and dishes were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amidst the animated, convivial bustle of his guests Sir Joshua sat composed, protected partly by his deafness, partly by his equanimity; always attentive to what was going on within range of his trumpet, and leaving everyone at liberty to look out for himself. Peers, temporal and spiritual, statesmen, physicians, lawyers, actors, men of letters, painters, musicians, made up the motley society, and played their parts without dissonance or discord." Punctually at five dinner was served up, for Sir Joshua never kept his guests waiting for anyone, whatever his rank or consequence.

And then those charming *réunions* after dinner, when, later on, the ladies would call in after the play. What a brilliant crowd of men and women No. 47, Leicester Square, received; and here the central figure in this illustrious coterie

was the genial, large-hearted host, who loved to hear anyone round him that had a spark of genius in him. But he could not stand the cad, or the coxcomb, in the old style.

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still
hard of hearing,
When they talked of their Raffaels, Correggios,
and stuff.

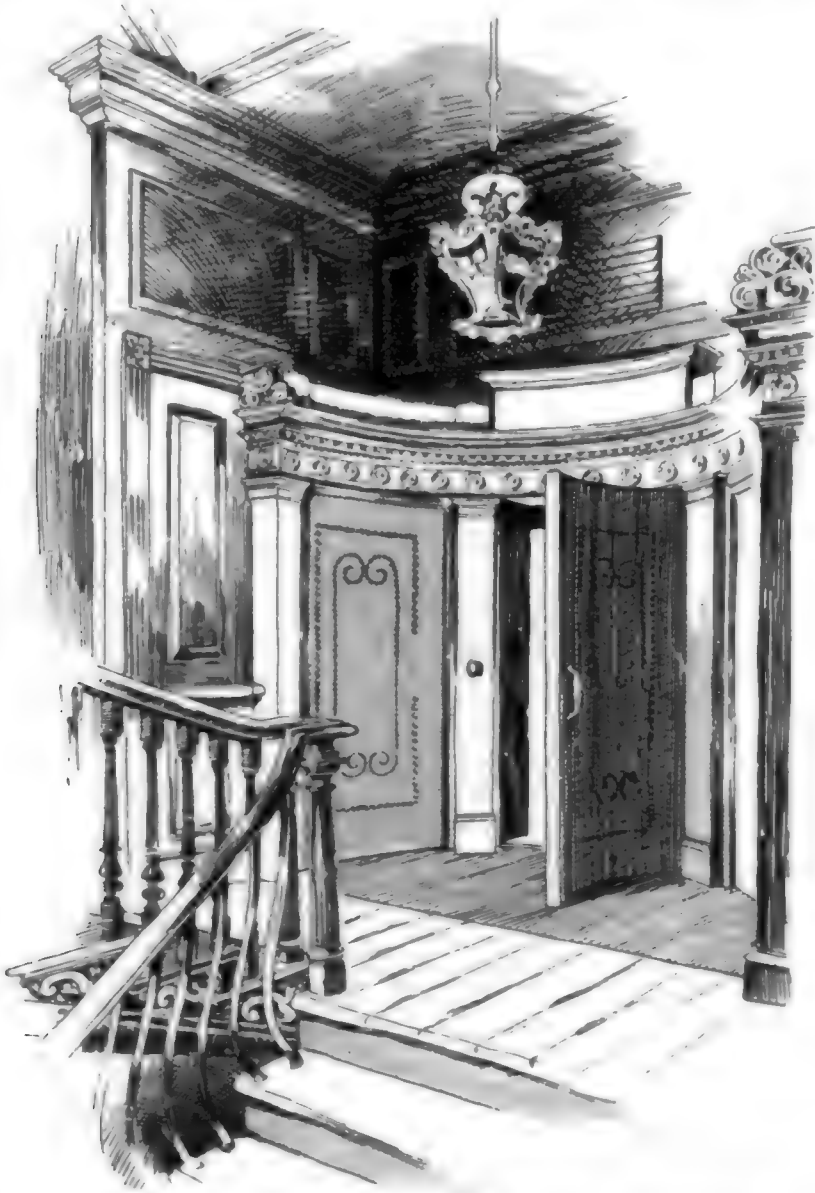
He shifted his trumpet and only took sauff.

So wrote poor Oliver Goldsmith, who, in spite of his continuous state of impecuniosity, was one of the most honoured and frequent guests in that home of genius. Sir Joshua was often banker to Dr. Goldsmith, who would make early calls at the house to borrow ten guineas, and when enquiry was made how Noll was so pressed for money again, it was found that the simple and large-hearted doctor had been relieving the wants of some poor writer or actor, poorer than himself.

In the fine large room, on the first floor, now the principal auction-room, Sir Joshua started his "Social Club," and round the punch-bowl, with long clay pipes, nightly used to sit, Johnson, who would talk learnedly or wittily, as the fit took him; Goldsmith, "in a rose-coloured coat with lace ruffles," who had a kind word for everyone till he met Samuel Johnson; Garrick and Foote, talking matters theatrical; Burke, pondering over some splendid piece of oratory or the turn of a phrase; Hogarth, from the other side of the square, followed by other giants of the brush—Lawrence, Gainsborough, Nollekens, Barry and Romney—who would give their views on art, and criticise Sir Joshua's unfinished paintings of the reigning beauties, which were open for the inspection of all. Lawrence Sterne, who was just budding into fame by the success of his "Sentimental Journey," was another of the favoured guests; but during one of the dinners under the hospitable roof of No. 47, a somewhat unfortunate incident occurred, which is related by Northcote, who was also a constant visitor, in his Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—"Mrs. C—, a lady of considerable genius, dining one day at Reynolds's table, met Lawrence Sterne there, who, as is generally known, was as licentious in his

conversation as in his writings, when this lady attacked him with so much keen wit and spirit on his immorality, that he, being already in an ill state of health, is said to have been mortified to such a degree that his death was considerably hastened in consequence of it."

great hall on the first floor, now musty with old books, being trodden by dainty feet, which the hooped petticoats, of which the quaint and spacious staircase is so convincing a reminder, could not conceal. Here would foregather the beautiful and majestic Mrs. Siddons,



THE HALL LAMP ON THE FIRST LANDING (*to be preserved*)

From "*The House*"

No doubt the conversation was at times free and easy, but it must be remembered that the period was of the free and easy order. And what brilliant women and famous beauties there were to listen to the conversation and indulge in it themselves. One can imagine that

fascinating Mrs. Abingdon, pretty Offy Gwatkin, Sir Joshua's niece, who was immortalised in Reynolds' picture of "*Simplicity*," artistic Angelica Kauffman, poor Perdita Robinson, the pretty Keppels and their stately mother, the Gunnings, who drew crowds to stare at

them whenever they walked the Mall, brilliant Anne Pitt, and gentle Lady Pembroke, witty Ethelreda Townshend, and wanton Chudleigh—and then on to the more beautiful daughters of beautiful mothers, as Tom Taylor describes them, such triads as the sisters Waldegrave and Montgomery, the fascinating Crewe and Bouverie, and the conquering Devonshire, or those Phrynes of their time, Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien, Polly Kennedy and Emma Harte, and so on and so on till you conjure up a galaxy with which the gallery of beauties at Hampton Court, with all the flattering brush of Kneller, pales in comparison.

No beauty sat more frequently to Sir Joshua than Kitty Fisher—"My dear Kitty Fisher," as he terms her in his "Diary." Naughty Kitty Fisher was the original of a number of Sir Joshua's pictures painted in his studio at No. 47, but perhaps the most beautiful is "Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearls," in which the transcendental loveliness of her face is conspicuous. Some unkind satirist wrote under this picture:

To her famed character how just thy right!

Thy mind as wanton, and thy form as bright.

Kitty was as extravagant as she was beautiful, for in one period of her career she spent £12,000 in nine months, which even the most spendthrift "butterfly" of the present day would consider colossal.

The Gunnings were among the most beautiful of the aristocratic set that visited No. 47 constantly. Elizabeth Gunning, the elder sister, sat to Sir Joshua on several occasions as the Duchess of Hamilton and the Duchess of Argyll, but she was not considered so handsome as her younger sister, Maria Gunning, Lady Coventry, who was looked upon, in an age famed for the beauty of its women, as "the true perfection of female beauty." Whenever Maria made her appearance at the theatre she was received with repeated bursts of applause from the pit and gallery—a curious picture of the manners of the time; but history relates no sadder ending of a reigning beauty than of this lovely woman, who, at the early age of twenty-eight, as Horace Walpole tells us, "lay constantly on a couch, with a small

looking-glass in her hand, and when told how great the change was, she took to her bed and would not suffer the curtains to be withdrawn."

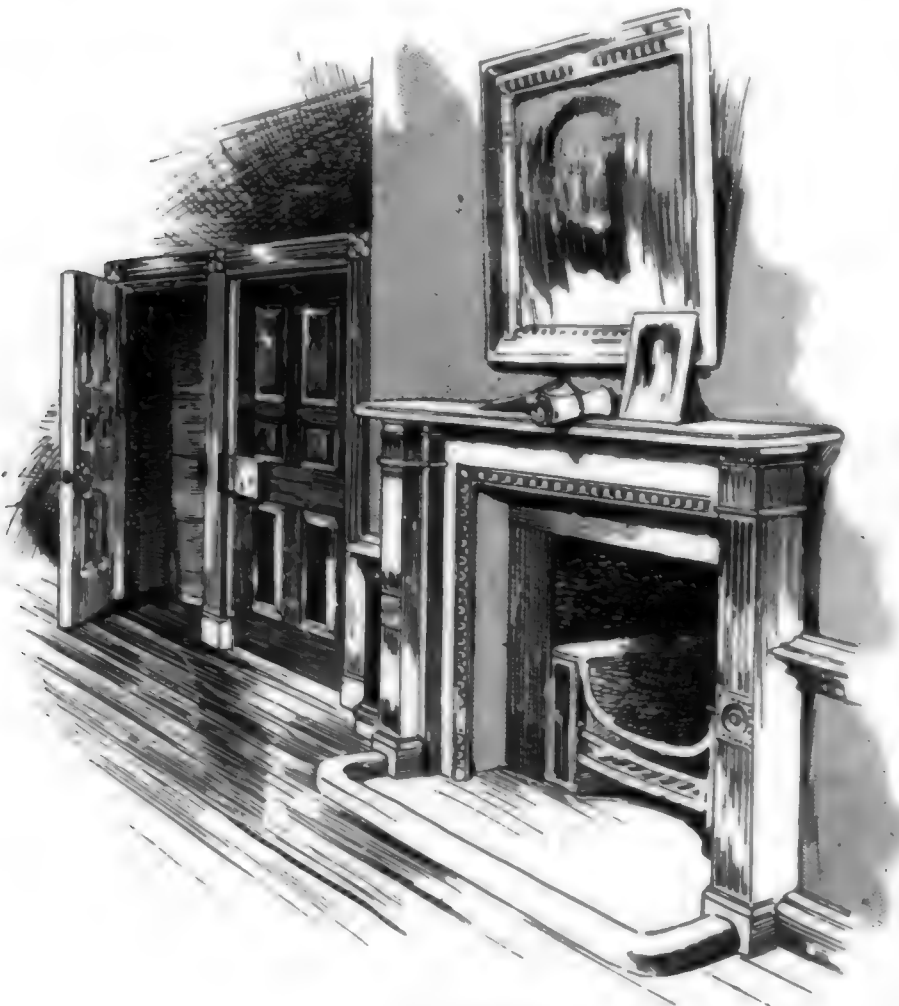
On the 13th of December, 1784, a great grief fell upon the gay and rollicking company that used to make the rafters of 47, Leicester Square shake with the heartiness of their sallies and quips and cranks, for on that day Dr. Johnson died. With Reynolds and Johnson there had been an undying friendship, and one of the pleasing traits of the great lexicographer's character was the exalted opinion he had of Sir Joshua's kind-hearted disposition. On one occasion he made use of the expression which has since become famous: "Reynolds, you hate no person living; but I like a good hater." His last requests to Sir Joshua are worth recording. One was, for the painter to forgive him £30 he had borrowed; another, that he would carefully read the Scriptures; and lastly, that he would abstain from painting on Sunday; to all of which Sir Joshua willingly assented.

Very soon after, the company that gathered at No. 47, and gave their views on the "Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff," had their untiring tongues stopped by the sad affliction, which then commenced to overtake their genial host. For years he had suffered with deafness, but his famous ear-trumpet well served its purpose; and in July, 1789, he first noticed that his eyesight was affected. The affliction came suddenly on the 13th of July, when he intended dining with Mrs. Garrick, and Sir Joshua has recorded the fact with heroic simplicity in his Note Book. Cunningham said, "He laid down his pencil, sat a little while in mute consideration, and never lifted it more." In less than three months he was quite blind in one eye. What a sudden change had come over the mirthful crowd at Leicester Square—Sterne dead, Johnson dead, Sir Joshua blind; but nothing could damp the ardour of the most genial of hosts. His favourite dining-out clubs, the Literary and Dilettanti, did not see him so frequently now, but he still entertained in Leicester Square. The laughter was not so loud, nor the company so merry, but the most brilliant

men and women still met there, and cards were more generally played, a pastime Sir Joshua dearly loved. He is said never to have painted again excepting in the following year, when at the request of two schoolboys he painted the royal arms on a flag for the breaking up of King's Academy, Chapel Street, Soho. It is difficult to conceive an action so characteristic of the man as this kindly act of a President of the Royal Academy, retiring through failing sight from the world of art in which he was pre-eminent, but yet returning to it for a moment to please the hearts of schoolboys in the breaking up of their school!

Children he loved, and birds as well; and the kind old gentleman was often seen in Leicester Fields talking to one and feeding the other. He taught a

canary to perch on his finger, and he made his dumb little pet his companion, and would talk to it with affectionate gravity; but one morning it flew out of the window, and old inhabitants of Leicester Fields used to relate how they remembered poor Sir Joshua, with his green shade over his eyes, walking round and round the square looking for his canary, the very picture of despair. Pathetic little incidents like this in the lives of great men do a great deal to perpetuate their memory with the places in which they occurred; and it is pleasing to remember that old Leicester Fields should have been the place where the blind painter searched in vain for his feathered pet. Within two years his great soul passed away, and he died peacefully at the house he so gracefully adorned—No. 47, Leicester Square. The room he



THE CURIOUS OLD FIRE-GRATE (*to be preserved*)

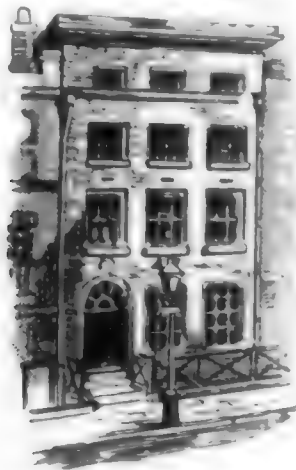
From "The House"

died in can still be seen, and when you enter it, in spite of its prosaic surrounding, you seem inspired with loftier sentiments, and think of the blind and gentle painter whose last words were, "We are all going to heaven, and Gainsborough is in the company."

It is now occupied by Mr. Henry Gray, the historiographer and genealogist. Books of a past generation occupy every nook and cranny of the room facing the square, and at the little window we can imagine Sir Joshua to have sat in his declining days, to be near to the fields he loved so well, or perhaps to catch a sound of the sweet notes of his truant canary. Above the mantel-piece there is a striking picture which takes one back to the glorious days of No. 47, and brings you face to face with three of its most interesting *habitués*. It is a beautiful oil painting, and the three figures in it are the genial host and hostess, Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson, who are enjoying an afternoon's respite at one of Miss Reynolds' famous tea-parties. Dr. Johnson is sitting quite close to the hostess, who is, of course, doing the honours of the table, and Sir Joshua, a little farther off, is smiling benignly on both. The picture

was picked up by chance at a sale, and the artist is unknown, but I should not be a bit surprised if it is by Miss Reynolds herself.

And now within the space of a month this grand old house is to go through the vandalic process of demolition. Two or three relics at least will be preserved, viz., the quaint old lamp on the first landing, and the curiously inlaid marble mantel-shelves, one now in the ground floor office, in which Sir Joshua was wont to entertain his friends to his celebrated dinners, and the other in the great reception-room above, where all the wit, talent, and beauty of the day mingled with that delightful unconventionality, which is enough to cause a pang of regret in the hearts of latter-day Bohemians. At present, there is no fixed intention of preserving the curved flight of banisters, which the fancy farthingales of the majestic Gunnings and Waldegraves, and of the less magnificent but more saucy Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien, so often brushed in their impetuous rush to that grand reception-room above. Relics like these speak more than all the volumes, and while they remain to us the spirits of the great departed never vanish.



THE EXTERIOR OF NO. 47

From "The House"

“The Devil’s Dyke”

DYKE! Dyke! Dyke!” assails the ear on every side, on the front of Dr. Brighton, as the Jehus of the char-à-bancs ply their trade. Of course the Dyke has its legends, which consist of many weird stories. The charming little village of Poynings, with a population of 305, lies nestled in the valley below. The Dyke itself consists of a remarkable slip in the Downs, about 300ft. in depth. A fine panoramic view of the weald of Sussex can be seen from the edge of the downs, and portions of central Surrey and Hampshire, and even the Isle of Wight. On the brow of the hill beyond traces may still be found of the ruins of a Roman encampment. Where the hotel now stands there was formerly a little country public-house, but, thanks to the energy of Mr. Hubbard, visitors can be regaled in luxurious style. In our worthy host we have a man of no small parts, Mr. Hubbard being noted as one of the finest of Canada’s crack big game shots, and also as being a skilful deviser of colonial and other exhibitions. He has had the honour of being introduced to nearly all the members of the Royal Family, and has converted the Dyke into a popular place of amusement in the summer. A fine aerial railway provides good sport; and the latest addition is the steep-grade railway, which almost turns one dizzy to look at, but is perfectly safe, I was assured by Mr. Fred Courtney, a gentleman whose firm are constructing it. The views are simply delightful on a clear day. Good golf links are in full swing all round the Dyke, and horse-riders, pedestrians, drivers, and cyclists seem to find equal enjoyment. Up to the present the new microbe, viz., the motor, has not profaned the grounds. But, of course, one must not overlook the famous gypsy caravan.

“The Devil’s Dyke!” what more appropriate place could be found to have one’s fortune told? The very name suggests eerie curiosity of the unknown which mortals fain would have revealed, and even I could not refrain from trying to draw something on account from the bank of the future; so accordingly I soon found myself in Gypsy Boswell’s caravan, where we were the sole occupants, with the exception of a very sage bird and a little dog, who revelled in the apt name of Bogie. Over what was revealed to me we will draw a veil, but the result of a few moments’ chat with this famous prophetess may be not quite devoid of interest to the believers in occult art. Gypsy Elvina Boswell was born in Epping Forest, and she is descended from the true Bohemian race. She first commenced to tell fortunes when she was sixteen, and I should feel inclined to think that at that age the young bloods of the country would only have been too glad to cross her hand with a coin of the realm for the privilege of an interview, as Gypsy Elvina still retains the features of a decidedly handsome woman of the true gypsy type. Her mother had the honour of telling the Duchess of Kent her fortune. Regarding the powers of her mother, she claims for her that she was the cleverest woman in England. Vauxhall Gardens and Cranmore Gardens were haunts of her people when they were in full swing. For well-considered reasons the names of many notorieties have to be suppressed, but as a sample of a few events which she predicted we will take the case of the jockey Brown (it should be mentioned Gypsy Elvina is a great favourite with the racing fraternity) in her own language. “Poor Brown came to me three days before he met with his death, and I told him not to ride any more. Three days after he was killed on the

Brighton Racecourse." Fred Archer also had a prediction from her, which proved only too true.

Another striking proof of her powers was displayed in the case of Constable Cook, who murdered his sweetheart, and was hanged. She told him that he would meet with a terrible end, which was verified a short time after by the aforementioned tragedy. The late actor, Mr. G. V. Brooke, was warned by her not to travel two or three days before he sailed in the ill-fated ship which became his coffin. "Gentlemen are just as curious as the ladies," so says Gypsy Elvina, and she ought to know.

Gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion and Americans seem very anxious to know what is before them. A wealthy Hebrew called with his wife the other day, and consulted her on a very anxious transaction. He was told that his wife would sign her name to a document, in the course of a few days, which would make their fortune. In a week from that date the gentleman returned to the Dyke, made her a handsome present, and stood a lot of wine to celebrate the success of the prophecy.

"My Americans are very good to me, giving me many presents of value, and presenting me with an American flag," remarked Elvina. "I once had a clergyman in here, just where you are sitting, who fainted away when I told him one of the principal tra-

gedies of his life, so true was what I said."

Another good case was that of a gentleman's cook who had been in Dr. Penfold's family for fourteen years. I predicted "that she would marry a man who would get his living by driving a vehicle of some description in three months." She was married to a driver to the very day. "There, now!" exclaimed our gypsy friend. To conclude: an Irishman, a large merchant, came to her, and was told he would gain great wealth. The next time he returned he had acquired £30,000. "He almost made me eat gold," said Elvina.

"I think I have more presents of jewellery from ladies and gentlemen than any gypsy living," continued Elvina. "Neither my mother, grandmother, or my own family ever lived in a house—only in tents and caravans. I often get wires to go up to London, and other places, to see very rich people. I have piles upon piles of letters from ladies of title. I forgot to tell you I told the Emperor Napoleon's fortune with success, and also that it was much against my will to tell poor Brown not to ride; but I saw it stamped. Ah, yes! many good and bad things I have seen in the future in this dear old caravan. Well, good sir, good-day!" And thus terminated my first interview with a real live gypsy in a real gypsy caravan, with cheerful fire and bright copper pots and pans.





WRITTEN BY G. E. PAGE. ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET



HE greatest excitement prevailed in Marston Manor the day of the great cricket match.

It had taken Florry and Mabel Redfern a whole month to arrange, and that month had been the scene of enough critical moments and delicate passages to have brought grey hairs to some heads.

When the eleven ladies were finally selected, the Misses Bidwell were highly indignant because their names were omitted, although they knew they could never, by any chance, play a game like cricket. Scene No. 1.

When Florry Redfern was elected captain, Miss Benson said it was absurd, as she was one of the youngest playing. Scene No. 2.

Miss Hedley objected to standing at square leg, and Miss Watts, at point, asked why she should take the most dangerous spot. No one could succeed in conveying to Miss Brown that she was no good at all at bowling, and what happened when the colours were selected, baffles the pen of man to describe.

Still, in spite of these slight obstacles, which each in turn seemed likely to end the whole project, Florry Redfern's eleven held together and the eventful day arrived.

It was to be a bicycle cricket match, and the two girls congratulated themselves on having hit upon a very good idea. This does not mean that the game was to be played on bicycles, or no doubt the match would have been

even more disastrously exciting than it was, but that every player was to come to Marston Manor on a machine, and then the whole twenty-two, with their umpires and scorers, were to cycle two miles to Siston Park, where the match would be played. A pic-nic was to be thrown in during the interval. Altogether, Florry and Mabel had had a tremendous undertaking on their hands, but they proved quite equal to the occasion, and were in excellent spirits when the teams began to assemble in front of the Manor.

Each lady wore a scarlet hatband and a scarlet tie, white shirts and dark skirts.

The two captains, Florry Redfern and Horace Logan, led the way. They had only met once before, Horace being a new arrival in the neighbourhood; but as he was a well-known county cricketer, and had once hit up a century in first-class cricket, he was chosen captain of the gentlemen. Mabel Redfern brought up the rear with his brother Fred, and the party skimmed gaily along.

But, alas! they no sooner reached the ground, than more disputed points arose, this time concerning the conditions under which the men played.

It was finally arranged they should discard the broomstick idea, and play with bats left-handed, also field and bowl left-handed.

The gentlemen won the toss, and put the ladies in. The two best players batted first, although one was captain, and when Nell Harcourt was caught, Florry Redfern had twelve runs to her score and was getting nicely set.

With the total at forty, the five best were dismissed and the fun began.

Miss Brown hit a ball hard and ran. When she reached the other side, she found her partner, Miss Plater, had forgotten about running and was watching the fielding. Consequently, Miss Brown got stumped, because she deliberately turned and walked back; but when the umpire attempted to explain, she told him he was talking absurdly, and as it wasn't her fault she shouldn't go out.

Two minutes later the other umpire bravely gave her out "leg-before," but she again argued the point, affirming

that it was impossible to apply the rule to ladies, as their skirts hid the wicket.

The umpire appealed to the bowler, and he laughingly replied that it was all right. He hadn't seen the wicket at all yet, he said, but he knew where it was and bowled accordingly.

The first straight ball Miss Wilkins received appeared to be coming towards her head, so she promptly bolted. It took her middle stump, and then she protested indignantly that it had been unfairly swift. The bowler was rather annoyed, for his left-hand straight balls had been few and far between, and he didn't like wasting them, so he told her she ought to have remained at the wicket and hit it. Miss Wilkins retorted with a withering glance, and asked if he thought she was going to stand still and risk getting a black eye or all her teeth knocked out.

When Miss Hedley was run out, she objected on the score that she had not hit the ball.

She said she had run as fast as she could, and it wasn't likely she was going out for a ball Miss Plater had hit.

At last, however, the whole side was disposed of and a short interval followed, during which Florry and Mabel bravely endeavoured to restore all friendly feelings, and by the time the men went in to bat they had succeeded fairly well.

Meanwhile, the two rival captains set an excellent example of goodwill towards each other, whilst the second Miss Redfern and the captain's brother Fred looked for a lost ball together for nearly a quarter of an hour without a grumble.

For ten minutes after the men had started their innings all went well, then the fielders objected to the crossing over, on the score of the heat, and Miss Hedley fetched her parasol.

Miss Brown, who was short-slip, missed an easy run out, by throwing the ball backwards over her head accidentally. She repeated the mishap two or three times, and was asked to be "long-stop," which hurt her feelings.

Most of the girls fielded by either kneeling, sitting, or falling down in front of the ball. Then they got up and looked round for it, afterwards throwing it high in the air, and, in the end, giving the men ample time for extra runs.

In vain the poor captain expostulated and altered her field. Miss Wilkins wanted to stand where Miss Hedley was, and Miss Hedley objected. Miss Brown wanted to bowl, and Miss Benson wanted to take the wicket-keeper's place, although the latter was doing remarkably well. Only about four out of the eleven understood the laws of the game concerning the umpires or captain, and most of the former's judgments were disputed instantly.

Still the men did not score very heavily, except by wides and overthrows, and Florry Redfern made a last strenuous effort to rally her team. The score stood at thirty-five and the last man was in.

"If we get one of these out," she called, "we win the first innings. Throw the ball in carefully, and don't let a single run be made, that can be helped."

Then she bowled a careful lob, which would have fallen straight on to the wicket had the batsman missed it. He did not miss it, however, but caught it nicely and sent it a good distance. Florry called frantically to the fielders, but, alas! the ball had fallen within three yards of a cow that was harmlessly grazing near, and not a fielder stirred.

"It's your ball," shouted Miss Hedley to Miss Benson.

"No, it isn't, it's yours," was the indignant answer, and an awkward pause followed.

Then Miss Bradley, seeing the poor captain's distress, made a gallant start. But when she got near, the cow looked at her—so she came back.

Finally the captain went herself, and saved the sixth run by a lucky throw, which knocked the bails off and ended the innings, thus leaving the score at forty all.

"You threw it in splendidly," said Horace Logan admiringly, as she walked slowly back to the wicket.

"They call themselves 'people,'" she remarked with unutterable scorn, and turned her back on him, too annoyed to speak.

"It wasn't my ball, was it, Mr. Clarke?" asked Miss Hedley. Mr. Clarke had been paying the lady rather marked attention, lately, and found himself in a predicament.

"Oh no, certainly not," said he, taking the safe side at the expense of his conscience.

"If it had been my ball, of course I should have gone," said Miss Benson; "but I don't see why I should field for Miss Hedley because she happens to be afraid of cows."

"You might have tried to save the game," said her small sister; "but you know you're terrified of cows yourself."

"I'm nothing of the kind."

"Oh yes, you are. You went all the way round by the road from church on Sunday because there happened to be a cow somewhere near the stile."

And meanwhile the sun beat fiercely down, cruelly indifferent to the urgent need for cooling influences.

"Cricket's too hot for girls, you know," remarked Fred Logan to Mabel Redfern. They were looking for another lost ball, and Pacey and Miss Bradley were looking for it too, in another part of the field. "Girls are always a bit cross when they're hot, aren't they?"

"No more than men," retorted Mabel. "Oh, look! there it is in the stream."

They both ducked towards the brown object simultaneously, and their heads came in contact, about which Fred was quite unnecessarily apologetic and considerate; and it wasn't the ball after all.

But the ladies' captain sat on the stream bank and would not be comforted.

They had had tea and were resting awhile to consider the second innings, which no one seemed in a hurry to begin.

"I call it a dismal failure," she said ruefully, digging into the ground with her foot.

"Oh no, nothing of the kind," asserted Horace Logan, who happened to be near. "I've enjoyed it immensely. It's been no end of a joke."

"But it wasn't meant for a joke," persisted Florry. "I've actually been at the trouble of practising them, and this is what I get for my pains."

"Oh, come! you are too hard on them. I'm sure they did their best, and anyhow, you're not beaten. It was probably the cow's fault you didn't win."

"Well, I certainly did forget to bargain for cows," and she smiled a little. She was beginning to discover that, however bad things are, they might have been worse—if you didn't happen to have a pleasant rival captain.

Still, that didn't alter the fact that many of the fair players were still in an inflammatory condition, and might go off at any moment, so she made her way reluctantly towards the group. Her

sister came forward to meet her and told her they had decided to play mixed sides for the rest of the evening, as the girls had mostly had enough of it. The suggestion appeared to have been carried unanimously, so was at once put into effect.

For a short time everything was very flourishing, and then a certain magnetic influence became apparent. Wherever a lady fielded, a gentleman appeared



"OH LOOK! THERE IT IS IN THE STREAM"

unconsciously drawn towards the spot, and it was found the circumstance did not expedite the return of the ball.

A general slackness was the more immediate result, and all the energy apparently clung to the two captains.

Florry Redfern stuck to it because she professed to be a lover of cricket, and Horace Logan because — well, because Florry did.

At last the latter drove a ball splendidly over a high hedge, from one of Horace's deliveries, and Mabel Redfern went to field it. Fred Logan followed to help, but as neither of them saw it drop they did not make much progress.

Meanwhile, the other fielders took a rest, and a quarter-of-an-hour elapsed. At the end of that time the field presented a spectacle hitherto unknown in the annals of cricket matches.

Only two players were standing, and these were a fair batsman and stalwart bowler. The rest were scattered about the ground in various postures, but always in pairs, and looked as if they were sitting out at a dance.

"What can Mabel be doing?" remarked the fair batsman frowning; "the ball only fell just over the hedge."

"Shall we go and see?" asked her companion; and they moved towards a gate.

"Where on earth are they?" she asked, leaning over.

"In that tree," replied the bowler; "they must have thought it got caught

in the branches," and his eyes twinkled merrily.

Florry said nothing, but turned her head away, for she was in earnest, if the other twenty-one were not.

"We shall have to look for it ourselves," he continued, and opened the gate.

It lay almost at their feet, and Horace, picking it up, slipped it into his blazer pocket.

"It might have got among those trees over there," he said smiling; "we had better go and see."

Florry turned and gave a last look at the players. Not many were visible, and the few who were looked as if cricket were the last thing in their thoughts.

"Perhaps we had," she said slowly, and followed him.

* * * *

That was the first and last time Florry Redfern captained a ladies' eleven.

"It was a hopeless failure," she told a friend when describing it a year later. "How could it be anything else with fielders who were afraid of cows?"

"Was there no tall scoring at all?" he asked.

The rival captain happened to be present, and here he intercepted, saying, "Failure! nothing of the kind, it was an immense success. As for tall scoring, well, Fred and I scored two of the best little wives in the world, and I don't know what more a man need want."



Horse-racing in 1898

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



JUDGING by results, racing is in no way on the decline. True we may not have unearthed another Ormonde or St. Simon, indeed the classic races produced a pretty kettle of fish, whilst the three-year-olds of next season bid fair to shape in no better fashion than their elder brethren. But despite this, the past few months can claim their full share of incident and interest, and, during the latter half of the season in particular, there has been plenty of excitement within and without the immediate region of the racehorse. Perhaps it was that the Derby had left backers weakly disposed, and that as a consequence they were peculiarly susceptible to any infectious complaints which might chance to be abroad. Be that as it may, no sooner had racegoers shaken off the ill-effects of that virulent epidemic of racecourse ruffianism, which raged so furiously throughout the silly season, than they were down with an equally sharp attack of Sloan fever.

To make a beginning; as of old the curtain was rung up at Lincoln, where in the light of after events it is curious to note that Madden rode the winner of the first race of the meeting, M. Cannon the winner of the second, and T. Loates the winner of the third, these jockeys filling the three foremost berths amongst our winning jockeys at the season's close. Racing seems to be largely made up of coincidences, if one could only look far enough ahead to profit by them. Coming to the Lincolnshire Handicap, two records were associated with the race. Ravensdale, on the strength of a wonderful trial with Kilkock, started at the ridiculously short odds of 11 to 8, whilst Prince Barcaldine's success en-

abled Robinson to accomplish the unique feat of training the winner of this important handicap for the third year in succession, the victories of Clorane and Winkfield's Pride having preceded that of Prince Barcaldine. Apparently Ravensdale frightened away great part of the opposition, as we have to go back to Royal Rake's year, in 1870, to find fewer runners contesting the race.

I do not know whether an apology be needed for the introduction of the Grand National into this review, but the Blue Riband of the steeplechase world stands out so pre-eminently by itself that its very importance and popularity must stand bail for its appearance here. The Timon mystery and the scratching of Manifesto made the chase an expensive luxury for the many.

Months since, the seven days' wonder caused by the withdrawal of Timon passed into the realms of ancient history. At the time, I remember, the National Hunt Committee instituted an enquiry into the mysterious whereabouts of the horse, and the explanation forthcoming must have satisfied them. However, 'tis a horse of quite another colour whether the public, who had entrusted their money on Timon, had not a moral right to some sort of enlightenment over the affair. The issue is not one I shall embark in, although there is some fear as to the silence of the Committee having forged a tool to the hand of detractors of the Turf and its ways. Neither was the solemn secrecy observed altogether to the fancy of its followers, who only recalled that as late as the eve of the eventful day it was positively asserted that Timon would start, whereas it subsequently transpired that the horse had never even left his training quarters.

To escape further allusion to this unsatisfactory subject, I may remind the reader that the winner turned up in Drogheda, who, at one time was supposed to be suffering from diabetes. At any rate, the Irishman's party found themselves unable to hedge off the long odds they had snapped up over their candidate, and so won their money presumably against their better judgment. Some men appear to get all the luck.

The Newmarket Craven Meeting was mainly remarkable for the unaccountable defeat of Cyllene in the Column Produce Stakes, the Scotia filly winning easily from Purser, with the favourite a

rogue Villiers running more prominently than usual on a course much in favour amongst such brutes. Assuredly one of the most successful handicaps of the season was furnished by the City and Suburban. That good horse Kilkock shared favouritism with Knight of the Thistle, but so open was the race regarded, that at flag-fall actually 8 to 1 was the general tender on the field. Interest centred in the running of Newhaven II., whose first appearance it was on an English race-course, and the Australian, after running a pig in the early stages of the race, made up such a tremendous lot of ground in the straight



CYLLENE. S. LOATES

From Photo by W. W. ROUGH & Co.

bad third. How explain away this running? I cannot! 'Tis just this spice of "glorious uncertainty" which empties the pockets of the noble army of punters and goes to make the lot of the book-maker a happy one. Why the term "glorious uncertainty" should be so frequently applied in this relationship I have always failed to understand. Were the greatest good for the greatest number consulted, methinks we could do with a little less uncertainty without any serious derogation of glory.

The attendance at Epsom last April was a record one for the time of year. History succeeded in carrying off the Great Metropolitan in easy fashion,

that he ultimately only succumbed to Bay Ronald, a performance which drew considerable attention to him.

Newmarket, on the occasion of the First Spring Meeting, might well have done duty as a seaside resort. At least, the Newmarket touts were to a man sadly at sea in their estimate of the runners for the Two Thousand Guineas, the despised Disraeli gaining the verdict from Wantage and the favourite Ninus. Of the others, Batt, Jeddah, the winner of the Craven Stakes, and Hawfinch, were also fancied, but cut up badly. But for disquieting rumours, Nun Nicer, the heroine of the One Thousand, would have started at shorter odds. As it was,

she enabled Sam Loates to pull off the big double event of the meeting, a feat which, coming as it did on the top of an exceptionally long sequence of reverses, must have been especially welcome to himself and his friends.

Our old favourite, The Rush, was considered by many as a real good thing for the Chester Cup, a handicap which he had appropriated a couple of seasons back. He certainly seemed to have the race well in hand, when Up Guards sprang out from the ruck, and catching the top-weight fifty yards from the post, won by a length. An objection followed on the score, that the sale of Up Guards to his then owner had not been registered at Weatherby's. If my memory serves me rightly, it came on for hearing on the following Saturday at Kempton, the Stewards ruling against Mr. Dobell, and stigmatising the objection as vexatious and frivolous. So much for the Cup. The Great Cheshire Handicap fell to a previous winner in Lady Ernie, thus affording an excellent example of the old saw, "horses for courses."

The natty little Dinna Forget, another of Robinson's good things, carried off the "Jubilee," a race which has now been won three years in succession by six-years-old—Victor Wild, Clwyd, and

Dinna Forget—an unprecedented circumstance in connection with our big handicaps. Abundant interest was also centred in the Royal Two-Year-Old Plate, Eventail gaining a popular victory for the Prince of Wales, after an exciting set-to with No Trumps.

Another glimpse at the three-year-olds was vouchsafed us in the Newmarket Stakes, wherein Cyllene re-established himself in the good graces of his admirers. Wantage, who, started in most request for the Stakes cut up badly, and Jeddah showed no improvement on his running in the Two Thousand. Thus early the three-year-old form was beginning to fall into disrepute, and the failure of Dunlop in the Payne Stakes was not calculated to mend matters. The winner of the latter race turned up in Batt, in the face of which Dunlop appeared an expensive purchase, seeing that he had only recently fetched 4,200 guineas at auction.

The fast improving King Crow commenced a nice sequence of victories in the Northern Handicap Plate at York, where he just beat Jaquemart a head. A fortnight later and Mr. Vyner's horse had appropriated the Manchester Cup from a field of disappointments, horses which were always going to distinguish



JEDDAH TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTER WINNING THE DERBY.

From Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

themselves, but whose performances never realised expectations.

In the Derby came the turn of the wise men of Newmarket to take their innings. This venture they scored freely, continuing to strongly oppose Disraeli, whom they would not recognise at any price as premier of the classic races for the season of 1898. Always excepting Cyllene, most of us had already formed a not over-rosy estimate as to the pretensions to class of our three-year-olds. Some few there were who sang the praises of Disraeli or swore allegiance to the good-looking Dieudonne, but their voices were all too soon to be hushed and their hopes cruelly dashed to the ground. And what is there to be said of the great race? Prior to Jeddah's success, Hermit, who started at 66 to 1, held the record of long odds landed over the Blue Riband of the Turf. How it came about that Jeddah started at 100 to 1 it is difficult to imagine, bearing in mind that the all-conquering Madden had the mount and that none of the three-year-olds in the race had hitherto succeeded in winning a couple of races off the reel. Dunlop, too, another member of the three-figure division, ran into a place, and altogether it was a turn up putting to the blush the sauciest of disconcerting handicaps. Disraeli could make no show whatever, Dieudonne failed to stay the distance, and the American, Archduke II., about whom such wild rumours had been given credence, only succeeded in finishing ninth. Commoners, every one of them, may fairly be said to convey a fair impression of the runners that May day. However, it is an ill wind which blows nobody any luck, and Mr. Larnach, the owner of Jeddah, is to be congratulated on winning the Derby at the first time of asking. He purchased Pilgrimage for a mere song. She was thought not to be in foal, but some one had blundered, and the result was—Jeddah. Turning to the ladies' race, it must be admitted that Nun Nicer was unlucky to lose, as since her arrival at Epsom she had refused to touch anything. Under these circumstances, no one closely connected with the stable could have been surprised at the tables being turned on her by Airs and Graces, Nun Nicer failing in the Oaks when the

pinch came. Before bidding farewell to Epsom, mention should be made of the Epsom Cup, contested by a small though select field. The issue was thought to lie between Winkfield's Pride and Newhaven II., but neither supplied the winner, Bay Ronald, a candidate in the habit of showing his best running over this course, doing the trick. Surely no excuse could be advanced for the Australian's defeat, as he established a good lead only to lose by a couple of lengths. How, therefore, the public could go on dropping money over so gay a deceiver on the occasion of each of his subsequent outings is past comprehension. It, forsooth, was a most disastrous Epsom; outsider after outsider rolled home with persistent pertinacity, the victory of Eventail coming as a welcome and much appreciated pick-me-up.

Never do I remember a more enjoyable Ascot. The racing was first-class, and the weather on the Wednesday and Thursday left little to be desired. As usual, the Royal Hunt Cup afforded a delightful spectacle. Knight of the Thistle and Hermiston divided market honours, and the former ran forward, although just failing in the attempt to land his supporters their place money. Jaquemart, the winner, is a thoroughly honest performer, whose success was very popular, as his form was thoroughly exposed. In this race it was that poor Foston commenced his unlucky career as a four-year-old. Second to Jaquemart and second to Minstrel in the Wokingham Stakes was his portion of the barren honours at the meeting, whilst since then he has figured in the Richmond Plate at Kempton and the Gatwick Mid-Weight Handicap, filling the same unenviable position in both outings. Herminius's party won a big pile over the Ascot Stakes, and it is rather a remarkable coincidence that Herminius and Jaquemart should have made their last public appearance prior to their Ascot successes in the same race. I refer to the Durdans Plate at Epsom, won by Winsome Charteris, when Jaquemart finished third and Herminius fourth. The Rush carried off the Gold Vase, but met his master in the Gold Cup in the person of the



"DINNA FORGET"

From Photo by W. W. ROUGH & CO.

Frenchman, Elf II., who is a good stayer blessed with a nice turn of speed. His performance furnished yet another instance of the sound sense of the French system of holding frequent long-distance races. When shall we learn that five-furlong sprints do not breed a race of stayers? Among other more or less interesting results at the "Royal" meeting may be included the success of Jeddah in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Mr. Larnach's colt confirming his Epsom running, whilst Nun Nicer asserted her supremacy over Airs and Graces in the Coronation Stakes, although she had to give way at the finish to the lightly-weighted Lowood. In the New Stakes the Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox made an eminently meritorious *debüt*, and was generally voted the best two-year-old seen out to date.

The Northumberland Plate was decided the following week, King Crow scoring an immensely popular victory over Herminius, most of the north-countrymen having backed the winner on the strength of his being owned by Mr. Vyner, a staunch supporter of sport in the North. This good sportsman has

now won the Plate no fewer than four times, his other victories having been gained by Glastonbury in 1878, Mycenæ in 1880, and Stoneclink in 1886.

The defeat of Velasquez for the big Newmarket prize, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, was made the medium of a deal of discussion. Some sour-grained critics, who are never happy unless engaged in pulling a good horse to pieces, declared that the defeat discounted the victories of Galtee More in last season's classic events. I say all praise to Goletta on her meritorious success, but as to Galtee More being a dreadfully overrated horse, we must go elsewhere for reliable evidence. In point of fact, at Newmarket, Velasquez was severely handicapped in condition, as was conclusively shown a fortnight later in the Eclipse Stakes, when by his ridiculously easy victory he effectually turned the tables on Goletta and St. Cloud II., and credited Lord Rosebery with a matter of £9,285. On the next day, the National Produce Stakes of £4,671, for two-year-olds, was won by the Enthusiast—Noble Duchess colt, whose previous outings had also resulted in winning brackets,

and he may well be regarded as an uncommonly useful youngster.

This same month of July we looked our last on the dear old Stockbridge meeting. Another old association gone, and more's the pity. Stockbridge! Danebury! What a host of pleasant recollections they hold for us. By the way, a capital paper, entitled "Recollections of Stockbridge," was subscribed to the September number of the *Badminton Magazine* by Mr. A. E. T. Watson.

That genuine bit of horseflesh, Dinna Forget, added to the laurels he had already gained in the "Jubilee" by annexing the Liverpool Summer Cup from Brayhead, an animal who can as a rule be relied upon to make something of a show at Aintree. Robinson is fortunate in having such a reliable customer as the winner in his stable.

Glorious Goodwood cannot be voted an unqualified success this year. Racing there fell below the standard we have been wont to associate with so exalted a meeting. The Stewards' Cup, with its fifteen starters, produced the smallest field which has fought out the race since 1842; the weather after the first day's racing was simply atrocious; whilst the unpleasant propinquity of a number of disreputable characters did not enhance the creature comforts of visitors. In this latter respect something should be done by the next merry meeting. The clerk of the weather is

not at the beck and call of racecourse authorities, but surely racecourse rufianism comes under a different category. Passing on to the Stewards' Cup, in the draw for places, Lucknow, who secured No. 1 berth, Altesse No. 2, and Rosemerryn No. 3, contested the finish, Altesse beating Rosemerryn by a neck. Lucknow, I am reminded, spoilt whatever chance he may have possessed by his vagaries in the race, which unfortunately interfered with Eager, very possibly robbing Mr. Fairie's grand horse of first honours. However, surmises are unprofitable goods to deal in. Altesse won, and so permitted Jewitt's stable to take the race for the second year in succession with a daughter of Amphion. The Goodwood Stakes did not fill, and its stop-gap, the Goodwood Plate, brought together as sorry a lot of stayers as one could meet in a day's march, Marius II. standing head and shoulders above everything else engaged in the race. About the most sporting event of the week was furnished by the meeting between the youngsters, Eventail, St. Gris, and Musa, in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, a rare battle royal, resulting in the order ascribed them.

From Goodwood to Doncaster is a far stride, but a very necessary one to a writer whose aim is to escape the tediousness of the way. There was really nothing going in "betweens," or to be strictly accurate, nothing worthy of note. For the Leger, Jeddah was made a



KING CROW. CHALEUREUX. HERMINIUS

From Photo by W. W. ROUGH & CO.

warm favourite, and what is more to the point, until Wildfowler appeared on the scene, the favourite looked like coming in alone. But Captain Greer's colt, when he did challenge, soon dispelled all manner of doubt as to the issue. Captain Greer and Darling, the joint owners of the horse, did not land a big stake by their colt's success, as the stable commission of £500 to win and £300 for a place was not executed in its entirety. Candidly, the result should in nowise have surprised any one, and doubtless many backers remembered to their advantage that Wildfowler was by no means wound up for the Two Thousand Guineas, and that a touch of fever alone prevented his taking part in the Derby. Leastways, win he did, and thus it was that for two years running Darling trained and Wood rode the Leger champions, a coincidence carried still further by the fact that Wildfowler, like Galtee More, hailed from Ireland.

The Manchester September Meeting was mainly notable for the reappearance of "Tod" Sloan in this country. The American's phenomenal riding of last back-end had endeared him to the English racegoer. Many a lame dog had he helped over the stile, or in other language, followers of his mounts had been afforded the opportunity of making handsome provision for their "winter's keep." But of Sloan and his prowess more anon. For the present it may be remarked that Georgic won the Prince Edward Handicap.

Were proof wanting that Cyllene towers above this season's three-year-olds, that proof was indisputably furnished in the Jockey Club Stakes, the *pièce de résistance* of the Newmarket First October Meeting. With such class candidates as Velasquez and Chelandry opposing him, the encounter was regarded as affording a fair test of Cyllene's merits or demerits, and the facility with which he scored stamped the son of Bonavista as a nailing good colt. Sloan's riding at the meeting is also deserving of comment. The clever little American, during the four days, steered no fewer than twelve winners as an outcome of the sixteen races in which he took part, and five of these

successes were reeled off consecutively on the last day. That his countrymen profited by the occasion was pretty apparent, inasmuch as they were said to have cleared out on the Friday all the ready money in the ring, so that many of the leading bookmakers were perforce obliged to request these accommodating punters to bet at starting prices, that the bets might be settled by cheque. All this sounds very much like a fairy tale; but it is none the less true that bookmakers found it imperative to refuse to allow the "talent" to back Sloan's mounts, insisting that they must name the horse. Equally patent is it that Sloan's methods win him races which in the ordinary way would be lost. He is always there or thereabouts, a very inspiring mode of campaign with his disciples. Doubtless, Sloan owes much of his good fortune to the way he sits his horse. His weight is distributed on the horse's withers, he rides with a very short stirrup, and with his hands close to the bit, apart from which he possesses remarkable ability in the saddle. Again, he can generally be relied upon to get well away, is a first-rate judge of pace, and is satisfied to wait in front, whilst other members of his profession, content to wait behind, often get an uninterrupted view of the finish. Accustomed as we are to the elegance and finished horsemanship of men like John Watts and Mornington Cannon, Sloan's methods may appear ugly, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and striking an average on results, had Sloan taken part in as many races as has Madden, for instance, the American jockey would have concluded the season with a record of 383 successes.

Full justice was accorded Ould Oireland in the Duke of York Stakes. All the place horses were bred in the Emerald Isle, and strangely enough they were born of the same sire—to wit, Gallinule. Sirenia, who, last season had earned the reputation of being the best two-year-old in Ireland, scrambled home from Sloan and Mount Prospect.

Heavy wagering was associated with the Cesarewitch. Mr. Hammond stood to win £40,000 over Herminius, Mrs. Langtry planked down the pieces on

Merman, and the connections of Asterie and Up Guards professed the utmost confidence in their candidates. Yet we had to look further afield for the first favourite and the winner, who were found in one and the same horse. To Chaleureux fell the spoils—Chaleureux who, in the first instance, was purchased for £25. The four favourites filled the leading positions at the finish, so that the confidence they inspired was not ill-placed.

The same story cannot be told of the Cambridgeshire, which handicap was

have been different. Many were inclined to this opinion, more particularly after the runaway victory of Nunsuch in the Old Cambridgeshire.

Liverpool has come to be regarded as the happy hunting-ground of the Knowsley party, and therefore the success of Alt Mark, Sloan up, appropriately completed the order of things. What impressed me most at the meeting was the victory of Fosco, under 9st. 12lb., in the Stewards' Plate, a handicap of nearly six furlongs. To score readily under such an impost was in itself a



FLYING FOX

From Photo by W. W. Roush & Co.

fought out by a trio of outsiders. Winning form had played so strong a hand throughout the season that Georgic's claims might have received fuller recognition. Certain it is that he made short work of the opposition, yet only those immediately concerned with the stable benefited by the Australian's victory. His 10 lb. penalty was thought by the public to completely put him out of court. To Dinna Forget, however, the honours of the race may be justly awarded, and his consistent running has supplied one of the features of the season's handicaps. Unfortunately the start was a bad one, or the result might

great performance, and a match over five furlongs, at even weights, between Fosco and Ugly would arouse no little interest. I am not sure that Ugly would start favourite. He failed signally to present the five-year-old with 9lb. in the match they ran on the Cesarewitch day. An even speedier customer than either may be found in Eager, and his second in the Derby Cup—only beaten by a neck by Waterhen—is worthy of all praise. The winner was in receipt of 39lb., a very formidable task to set Eager, considering that the Irish filly could claim a nice balance at her banker's, having won races at

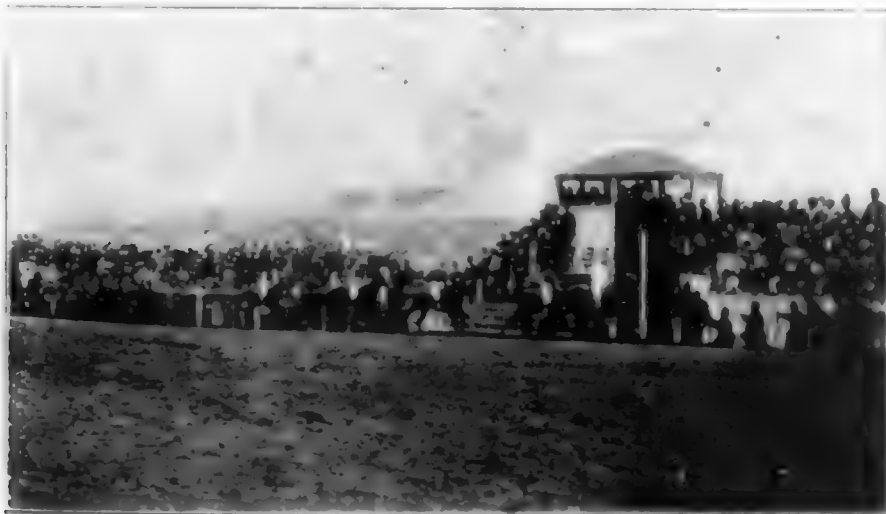
the Curragh and Leopardstown. Golden Bridge, who finished third in the Cup, a week later, accounted for the Lancashire Handicap, thus enhancing the meritorious and spirited effort of Eager, who put up the crusher of *qst.* 6lb. at Derby.

The final act was played at Manchester, the wiry Chaleureux filling the leading rôle. The race under notice, the Manchester November Handicap, produced the most exciting finish of the season, the one time selling plater obtaining the verdict from Eclipse by the shortest of heads. Since passing into the hands of Sir James Miller, Chaleureux had also taken the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood and the Cesarewitch, besides running third to Alt Mark at Liverpool, so that his owner has good reason to shake hands with himself over so great a capture.

With regard to the two-year-olds, their prospects are none of the brightest. One can only hope for the best, and trust that they are not so bad a lot after all. Cainan, the American, and Flying Fox, the pride of Kingsclere, take the palm. Unfortunately, the former is not entered for the Derby, although they may settle the question of supremacy in the Two Thousand and the St. Leger. Until they met in the Middle Park Plate, Flying Fox was considered to rule the roost amongst those of his year. However, too much reliance must not be

placed in the running that day, as the meteorological conditions were all in favour of Sloan's mounts, and he had the leg-up on Cainan. It is also doubtful whether John Porter's faith in the son of Orme was much shaken by the defeat, especially as in the Dewhurst Plate the Middle Park winner failed to concede 10 lb. to Frontier, another inmate of Porter's stable, who is not looked upon by his connections as being in the same street with Flying Fox. Personally, I should be inclined to pin my faith to the English-bred Flying Fox, who was considered unlucky to lose at Kempton to St. Gris. At least, M. Cannon thought he had won all right on him, and his subsequent success in the Criterion Stakes was reassuring. If any faith is to be placed in rumour, then Birkenhead is the likeliest representative of the "dark horses," whilst a whisper from France cautions Englishmen to beware of M. de Bremond's *Holocauste*, a grey, who has shown himself possessed of excellent credentials. *Apropos* of the Frenchman's colour, Gustavus, the Derby winner of 1821, is the only grey who has ever taken the highest honours of the turf.

Galopin has wound up the season at the head of the list of winning sires, a wonderful record when it is borne in mind that the old fellow is in his twenty-seventh year. Statistics, which are at every one's disposal, may be



FINISH OF DERBY, 1898

From Photo by W. W. ROUGH & Co.

allowed to cover the rest of the ground so far as the leading sires are concerned.

In conclusion, no notice of the past racing season would be complete were not a brief reference made to the passing away of George Barrett and Matthew Dawson, notable figures in the racing world. The latter died on Thursday, August 18th, at the ripe old age of 78, beloved and respected by all who knew him. For over half a century he trained horses, and remarkably successful results crowned his efforts. His record in classic events is worth recapitulating, that some idea may be gained of the responsibility of his position. "Old Mat," in his lifetime, turned out six Derby winners and five Oaks heroines. Six winners of the St. Leger received their preparation at his hands, whilst five winners of the Two Thousand Guineas and a like

number in the One Thousand, complete the memorable list. George Barrett died in the spring of the year at a comparatively early age, being born in the year 1863. Poor fellow! his was a long and weary illness, extending over many months. Barrett's first success in the classic races was achieved in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1886, when he rode the great and incomparable Ormonde to victory, a mount which the late Fred Archer had rejected in order that he might ride Saraband. A few years later, and Barrett, on Common, swept the board in the Guineas, Derby, and Leger, a feat which has only fallen to the lot of Frank Butler, Harry Grimshaw, and Charles Wood. Alas! there is an end to all things, and only a few of us poor mortals are granted a memory beyond the grave.



Press Lunches

BY LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG

THE greatest peculiarity about press lunches is that nobody ever goes to them—at least, that is what my editor said when I proposed this subject to him. Nobody ever goes to them—at least, not the shining lights of the profession, so that an entertainment which was to have consisted of all the literary powers that be, finds itself levelled down into a gathering of reporters, occasional contributors, and the very rank and file of the newspaper world.

The press lunch is similar to the dinner in the parable, and the man who had hoped for the company of all the great editors and influential critics ends by going out into Fleet Street for the reporters to compel them to come in.

I am not opposed to press lunches on principle. I don't mean that I have any personal affection for the chicken and champagne which are supposed to have such a soothing influence on the captious critic; I only think that when you are put into a situation which deprives you of your natural lunch at home, it is the duty of the persons on whose behalf you have gone forth to see that you get it elsewhere. Doing the pictures, for example, at a large picture gallery, you have to be there betimes, and to spend the best part of the day; and it is a distinct saving of time if you can get lunch in the gallery, so as not to have to go away from the scene of your work. I shall not be influenced in favour of the pictures because I have had a sandwich or a cup of tea, but I shall do my work all the better for the refreshment, and shall appreciate the kindness of the directors in providing for my wants, and saving me the time I

should have had to spend in going out to a restaurant.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, I know, does not agree with me. But then, Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian, and eats nothing but beans; and I have never seen beans at a press lunch yet. I have seen some curious viands at these functions, however, and some drinks that were even "curiouser," and I cannot help thinking that when champagne is given it is of a special kind, manufactured expressly for the occasion. So weak, so heady, so curious altogether—a little like zoedone, but not so good. The most peculiar press lunch I ever went to was given at the opening of the Victoria Gallery. It consisted solely of champagne and sponge-cakes. A more direful mixture was never yet planned, and the awful after-sensations were such as I would not willingly incur again. Not a dry biscuit for love or money—only these dreadful fresh sponge-cakes and the glasses of questionable champagne. It is the fashion to speak slightly of the hospitality of the British Artists, but their press lunch strikes me as being a model of what such a thing should be. Nothing elaborate, no horrid champagne, but a simple cold collation, with a little good claret and sherry, and tea later on—an assistance in enduring the fatigues of the day. The secretaries there are models of politeness, and they are always careful to let the lady-writers know of the existence of this lunch, and they will take them up and look after them if they feel nervous about going alone. Many women are shy about accepting a meal of this kind, and will go dragging round the galleries, when they are dead-beat, sooner than go in search of the meal which is prepared for them.

I have always appreciated the kindness of the committee myself, and do not feel inclined to sympathise with the lofty critic of a contemporary, who disposed of the whole affair in the following words:—"I was unable to be present myself, but I hear the press lunch went off with the usual *éclat*."

The Institute of Water Colours provides slight refreshments on the press day. Nothing more substantial than sandwiches, wine, and tea; but it is quite sufficient. In old days this repast used to be served in the council-room, and it needed some courage to venture up there, as it is on the floor above the picture galleries, and one had a dreadful sense of intruding. Still, the men found their way there fast enough; and here, as at the British Artists, the secretary makes it his business to inform the lady critics of the existence of the repast. It is not so alarming to go to it now that a lower room is selected.

The "powers that be" at the Grafton Gallery do everything beautifully; they provide a luxurious tea (*gratis*) for their private viewers, so that the show seems like a party, and they give a charming lunch on the press day, beautifully arranged by Benoist, the table decorated with flowers. All the lunches I have described are, of course, stand-up affairs—what one might call a press passover.

At the New Gallery one can get lunch upstairs by paying for it, and the unwary pressman, inviting a sister journalist to take some slight refreshment, finds himself landed for 5s. 6d. The Royal Academy shuts up its refreshment room, and neither gives refreshments to its critics nor allows them to purchase them on the premises. It would be an immense boon to the critics if they were able to buy refreshments downstairs; and there seems no reason why this should not be allowed. The time is so precious on the Academy press days—only a day and a-half, and so many pictures to do; every one grudges the time spent in going out to lunch. The late Mr. Sala used to bring a luncheon-basket, and picnic in the Architecture Room with a favourite friend; but I suppose it would not do if this example were generally followed, and the Aca-

demicians might object to finding the rooms littered with a *débris* of sandwich papers and orange-peel, like Hampstead Heath after a holiday.

A recent novel in a contemporary dealt with the press lunch from a particularly lofty standpoint, describing a scene of revelry such as I should think never yet took place at a picture gallery, with pressmen idling at the buffet and chaffing an impossible barmaid. When the secretary politely comes up (as he would do) to apprise the young lady-journalist (the heroine of the tale) of the fact that the refreshments are served, she replies with disdain that she "has lunched." If the lady did only drop into the gallery after lunch, she cannot have done her work as an art critic very thoroughly, as she would have had to sacrifice all the best part of the day and the precious morning light. In any case, I don't see why she should have treated a civil invitation with scorn.

Another well-known institution is the Crystal Palace lunch given on Boxing Day, on the occasion of the first performance of the pantomime. The directors send out invitations to various newspapers and also to well-known journalists, a lunch is served in the Garden Hall, and the writers then proceed to the theatre to see the pantomime. This lunch makes a pleasant meeting-place for the press people, and everything is nicely managed. Sydenham is a far cry for the busy critic, and the courtesy of the directors in providing him with the lunch is a slight mitigation of the journey.

Press lunches are also given by various firms who have special shows, and here the weak and heady champagne is once more conspicuous. I have a vision of ladies sitting down, after a lunch given at the opening of a fashionable furrier's, nursing muffs and looking perfectly idiotic; also of a lunch given at an æsthetic establishment, where a witty lady-critic refused a second glass of the terrible champagne under the plea that she would not be able to say "Turkish embroidery"—almost as difficult a sentence as the "truly rural" of John Leech's days. I have a vivid memory also of a lunch at the opening of a factory dedi-

cated to some new process of illumination, at which there were many vacant places at the board, and about three lady-journalists and a hundred men. It gave the meal a curious look. Not that the lady-journalist minds being in a crowd of fellow-journalists. There is a great freemasonry amongst writers; she is always sure of attention and courtesy from her brothers of the press. I remember this particular occasion well, because I happened to be the only woman journalist whilst we were going over the works. There was not a soul I knew amongst the men who were there; they were chiefly the reporters of the different papers—and a motley crowd they were. We had to go over the factory, through room after room, up and down flights of stairs, and I remember that every one of those men waited to let me pass first. I went on like the Queen at the head of a procession, with the courteous manager explaining everything to me, and a continually growing train at the back of me. Irishmen, Jews, old men, boys, Parthians, Medes, and dwellers in Mesopotamia—my train increased every moment, and I began to feel the occasion demanded more dignity of deportment than I had at my command. I will honestly own my joy when I caught sight suddenly of two dear press women

who were my intimate friends, and had come in late. I flew back to speak to them, and weakly went all over the factory again in their company sooner than continue to bear the fierce light which beat (on that occasion) on my journalistic throne. I hope I am not unduly self-conscious, but I must own I felt something of the relief of the royalty who suddenly becomes *incog*.

All kinds of curious people turn up at press lunches. There are some journalists who always seem to know when a press lunch is on the tapis, and there is one lady-journalist in particular, to whom the press lunch is as the carcass to the eagle. Wherever the press lunch is there you will find this lady, and I am not sure but what she cherishes the secret conviction that the whole thing is got up for her. Country editors' wives also occasionally appear upon the scene, generally rather subdued as to their demeanour, and dowdy as to their dress, and cherishing a secret idea that they are seeing life. They look upon the emancipated lady-journalist much as a caged bird might envy the flight of the swallow, or, perhaps I should rather say, the London sparrow—at home among the haunts of men, picking up its living with a certain modest confidence, and happy in being perfectly free.



THE SNOWDROP

EARLY, but never too soon,
Youthful, but never too young—
You are here, my dear, ere the skies are clear,
Ere ever a bird has sung!

Snowy, yet not of the snow,
Drooping, yet not as flowers fade —
You are here, my dear, first-born of the year,
Bashful, yet hardly afraid.

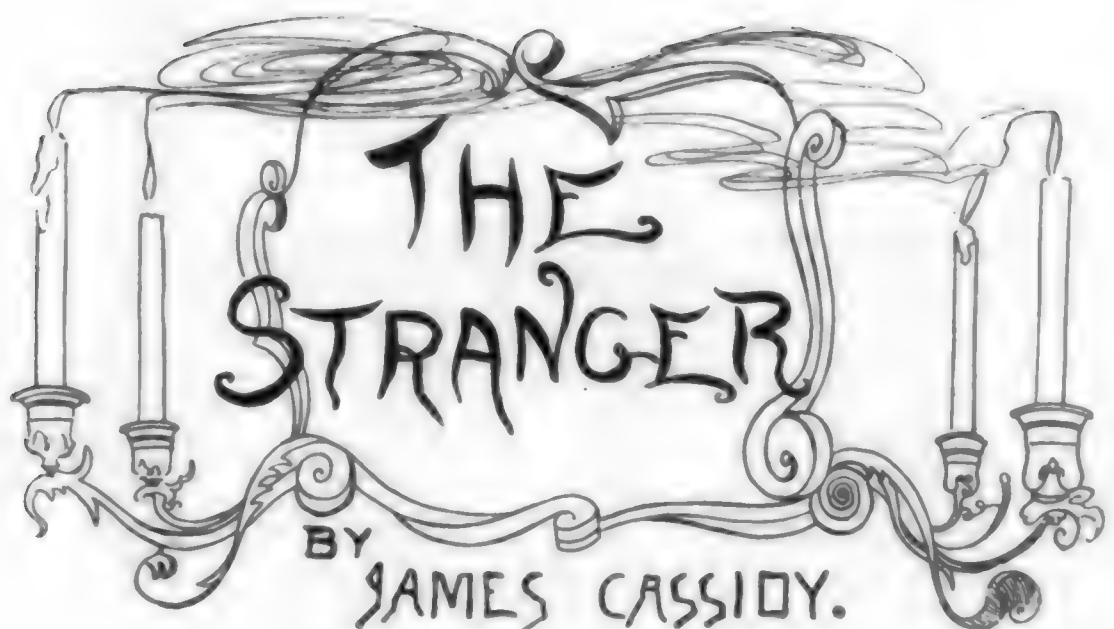
Far in front of the green,
Months ahead of the May—
You are here, my dear, a cherub of cheer,
A gem in a casket of clay!

A life has arisen with you
Out of the winter's grave:
You are here, my dear, with never a fear,
And shall not a man be brave?

Ah, yes! we have met before!
Yes, oft in those years away
You were here, my dear—but never so near
My heart as you are to-day.

I love you better with time,
As I love another like you.
You are here, she is here, my dear and my dear,
And the old joy shines as new!

J. J. BELL.



THE STRANGER

BY
JAMES CASSIDY.

ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL

THE carriage was full and the train a fast one, on its way from London to Norwich. As there was little to attract us in the nature of the scenery through which we were passing, we gave ourselves up to conversation. We discussed many things,—the day's news and the personal incidents of the morning—the talk was unflagging.

"Less than an hour ago," said someone, "most of us were unknown to each other, but we are now quite old friends."

"And why not," replied he to whom the remark was more particularly addressed; "it is as it should be. Life is too short for churlishness."

The aphorism was applauded, and the encouragement elicited from the last speaker a story.

"I knew a man," he began, "who was not of our opinion." His air and tone as he said this convincing us that he had something worth telling,

we composed ourselves to listen. "This man," he resumed, "at the time of which I speak, was about thirty-five years of age; he is well-built, fair, has prominent blue eyes and an immobile face. He is in a good position, and dresses accordingly. His wife and children are always well-dressed, and the family occupy one of the best houses on Peckham Rye. It was a morning in late April, the hour was nine, and the 'bus from the King's Arms to Rye Lane Station was just starting as I stepped on the footboard. There were only three other passengers inside, of these one was Mr. Hare, already introduced, and another, whom the story concerns, a little old man who sat opposite. The old fellow was unmistakably shabby, but neat. His worn boots shone, his coat and trousers, originally black, now of a green-grey hue, were carefully brushed, and his hat, a low-crowned "bowler," was tidy. The hollows in his furrowed cheeks were conspicuous, and added to the impres-

sion of age, and the colour of his skin suggested very poor and irregular food. His face was small and his whole appearance painfully meagre. He felt in his waistcoat pockets for the conductor's penny, and failing to find it his hand trembled.

"The conductor was waiting and the passenger recommenced his search, his

when seated. He picked up the coin, and re-seated himself. Then catching the eye of the fair man opposite, and wishing to divert his attention from the distracting incident, he leant forward and said: 'They do say as there's some talk of lighting the place with 'lectric light, and that'll put work in the way of a good many.'



"LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO"

excitement growing, for it was his last coin. The conductor, growing impatient went upstairs to collect the fares, and the old fellow continued his search. He stood up, and the missing penny rolled on the floor; it had slid through a hole in his worn pocket.

"His form was bent, and old age humped his back; he looked even shabbier and meaner when standing than

"Had a pistol been fired in the 'bus Hare could not have been more surprised than he was at the stranger's remark. Arrested in the act of turning his paper, he said, with hauteur in look and tone:—

"'I don't know you.'

"'Beg pardon, sir,' answered the unknown, 'I'm'"

"'I don't know you,' emphatically re-

peated the fair man ; 'it's not my habit to talk to everyone with whom I come in contact,' and he resumed the folding of his paper, pride and indignation at what he thought an unwarrantable impertinence expressing themselves in his naturally immobile face.

" 'I understand, sir,' said he who had given the offence ; 'I understand,' then he added quickly, as though unable to control himself, 'a man's a man for a' that.'

"At this moment the conductor re-entered the 'bus, and looking quickly from the well-dressed important man on his right, to the shabby, insignificant man on his left, he said sharply : 'I'll take care yer don't ride in my 'bus agin ; you know yer've no right to annoy the gen'leman, he don't want to 'ear you.'

" 'I'll not say another word ; not another word,' answered the old man humbly, as he paid his penny, 'I'll be mum.'

"The 'bus drew up at the station, the passengers got out, all but the offender, who, having no business to call him to the City, kept his seat to the High Street, where he alighted.

"Around the lamp-post at the junction of Rye Lane with the High Street, stood a group of men of the trouser-pocket brigade. They were chaffing the drivers and conductors standing about waiting for change of horses, and the old man recognised amongst them his ne'er-do-weel and only son. The sight saddened him, but he kept his sorrow to himself, and turning to the left made for the public library, where he would get a look at the papers. It was his custom to scan the advertisements. He was a tailor by trade, and always on the look out for a job. He had no money wherewith to buy stamps and stationery, nor to pay his fare to and from likely work, so that his chances of finding employment were limited to places within walking distance. Nobody in the newspaper reading-room spoke to him, none knew him, nor did he attempt to speak to any ; the words of his late fellow-passenger still ringing discordantly in his ears. All the stands were occupied, there was nothing for it but to wait. This he did meekly enough ;

he was singularly patient. At last one of the readers stepped aside ; the old man saw his chance, but the paper was the *Times*, and useless to him. Seeking out the *Daily Chronicle*, he stood near its reader, but not too near, he would not obtrude his presence.

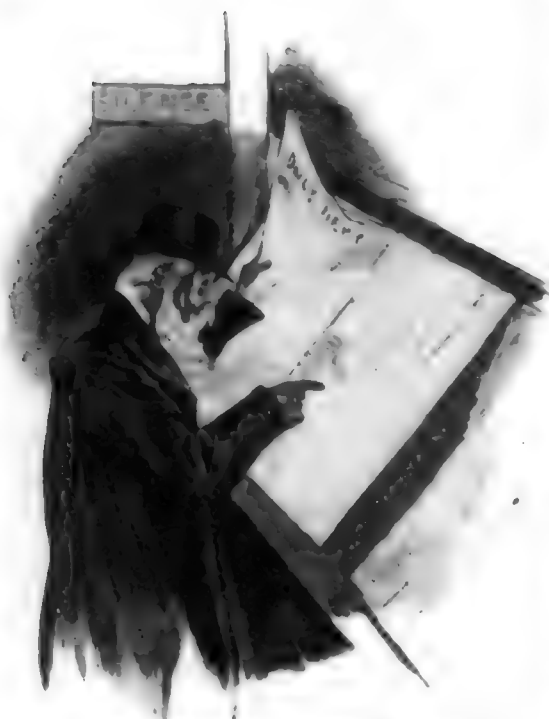
"Half-an-hour passed before he had the opportunity he sought. He had scarcely put on his spectacles and taken his stand when an old woman entered the room and eagerly asked, in his hearing, whether any one was looking at the *Chronicle*. In a moment he had relinquished his post and was again waiting. It was twelve o'clock by the time he was engrossed in the advertisements. It was not easy for him to read all, so many of them were beyond his reach, for he was scarcely five feet, and his eyes were dim. Added to this he was but a 'poor scholard' at the best. His eager finger traced the printed lines, but all in vain ; he could find nobody wanting an old tailor.

"Dinner-time arrived and cleared the room of all but himself ; and he ?—well he had no dinner, only an appetite, so he stayed on.

"He searched the *Daily News* and the *South London Press* ; then he remembered the local paper, the *Camberwell and Peckham Times*, and that 'once it had helped him. Line after line he slowly followed, each ending in disappointment. 'For late advertisements see page 5,' he read. It was a forlorn hope, but easier to turn to than the parish.

"At the last advertisement but one on the page indicated he lingered and his hand shook a little. He spelled it out slowly : 'To Jobbing Tailors ; Wanted at once, an elderly capable man for odd work.—Apply personally between twelve and one o'clock on Wednesday, at the Catford "Never-too-Late-to-Mend" Dépôt, S.E.'

"Three times he conned it over, and the third time its full meaning reached him. For a moment, in his elation, he felt as though the advertisement had mentioned him by name, and a tinge of pale pink suffused his leaden skin, and warmed his flesh. Then it faded away, and he became faint. He crept out into the air, and the breeze revived



"HE SEARCHED THE 'DAILY NEWS'"

him. As he walked on he passed the high wall of the great gloomy lunatic asylum, and a feeling of pity sprang up in his mind for the prisoner-patients within the building; deprived, as they were, of liberty and reason. The bakers' shops were full of newly-baked bread, and the smell sharpened his appetite. He met gangs of workmen returning from dinner, many of them smoking; his pipe was in his pocket, but empty. He turned into Rye Lane and trudged on till he came to the King's Arms. There he saw the 'bus of his morning's journey, and standing beside it the same conductor, who turned away his face as he recognised him. On he went up the East Dulwich Road, into the Crystal Palace Road, and so into Lordship Lane, for he rented a room in one of the narrow turnings off that thoroughfare. The door stood open and he climbed the stairs to his attic—his home. Neither kindly face nor voice welcomed him. His wife had been dead ten years, and his only surviving child was his idle loafing son. The room, like its occupant, was very poor and shabby, but neat. On the bed was spread a quilt made of scraps of cloth. It was a work he had done

twelve years before to please his wife. The furniture, such as the room contained, was his landlady's. In the cupboard stood a pair of shears and a hatchet. The shears belonged to the days when he rented a small house and cultivated his little garden, and the hatchet was his son's. He had parted with his old home piece by piece; the shears alone remained.

"Presently he heard his landlady calling him:—

"'Mr. Neal, Mr. Neal, here's your loaf. I knew you was out of bread, so I told Mag to bring it in when she brought ours.'

"'That was kind,' he replied, as he took the twopenny loaf from her dripping hands.

"'If you should be making a cup o' tea, my kettle's a-bilin',' she said as she left him; adding, 'I'll send Mag up for the tea.'

"And so, in spite of all, Philip Neal ate his dinner that day. His tea was without milk or sugar, and his bread butterless, but hunger and thirst are easily pleased. As he laid him down to sleep he thought of the morrow; of the walk to Catford and of mended fortunes.

"The morrow dawned as fair a day as any April had seen. The golden morning sunlight gladdened the hill tops, and touched up the dales of Surrey, and opened the eyes of the two little sons of Mr. Hare, as it streamed it at the bedroom windows. The sunbeams danced into the poor little garret in which Philip Neal lay sleeping, and played on his drowsy lids, and he roused himself, and remembered that the morrow had come. At half-past nine o'clock he would set out on his four-mile walk. He rose, washed and dressed himself as carefully as though summoned into the Royal presence, stripped his bed, opened his casement window and sat down before it to spell out the psalms for the day. Then he knelt down to pray, stringing together several collects; he seldom used words of his own.

"By this time his landlady was stirring, and he heard Mag's tap at his door. 'Would he like a cupful of boiling water,' she asked. Dropping a pinch of tea into a small jug he gave it her, and reached from the cupboard the

remainder of yesterday's loaf, and a plate.

"Breakfast over, he swept and tidied his room, made his bed, and polished his boots with an old shining-brush. A cheap glass hung on the wall, and after looking at himself in this for the last time, to see that he appeared to the best advantage, he set out to seek the 'Never-too-Late-to-Mend' manager, who had advertised for him.

"It still wanted some minutes to twelve when he arrived at Catford, he would ask some one to direct him to the shop he sought. He halted a moment to intercept a man approaching him, but the inquiry died on his tongue, as memory cast at him the words: 'I don't know you; it's not my habit to talk with everyone with whom I come in contact'—and he walked on. There were many new shops in the town, and his attention was attracted to a group of men before one of them. Sedate, elderly men for the most part, and all watching the side door of the shop. He joined the group, no one noticed him; each man was intent upon his own business. He looked inquiringly about him; what had attracted this respectable, quiet crowd? All at once the truth flashed upon him, and he raised his head dubiously, and read the words inscribed over the shop front, 'Never-too-Late-to-Mend Dépôt.' There was a slight movement in the small crowd as the side-door opened, and the nearest to it, a cripple, was admitted. The minutes passed slowly, and Neal found himself counting heads—twenty-five applicants, and the number growing every minute. What chance had he?

"Suddenly, a window was thrown up, and a woman's head thrust out. 'Tailors under forty and over sixty-five are not wanted,' said the owner of the head, and the window was slammed down. There was a buzz in the crowd, and men looked interrogatingly at their fellows, one after another detaching himself from the rest and stealing away, until only ten men were left standing, but Philip Neal was not amongst them.

* * * *

"'Here, Ronald, look at these beauties,' and the speaker disentangled from his

net four fine 'tiddlers,' shaking them into a small bait-tin.

"'Where d'yer find them?' shouted Ronald, who was the other side of the bank of the Ravensbourne as it flows on through Catford to Bromley.

"'Ever so far down stream,' said his brother. 'There's shoals of 'em there.'

"'Come on then, we'll go for 'em,' called Harold, and the two boys set off at a run.

"Their merry, eager voices roused old Neal from his dull reverie, and carried him back a spell to the days when, with a green glass bottle slung round his neck, he too had done exploits.

"Then he recalled later days, when his own boys had come home with blackened eyes and swollen faces, having fought, often futilely, to retain the fish they had netted. He had been so proud of his sons; but one was dead now, and the other leading a reckless, loafing life.

"The happy young voices of Ronald and his brother reached him from a distance, and the birds chattered and carolled over his head. The river, swollen by the March and early April rains, glided along its course swifter than usual, or was it that the old man was slower?

"He was hungry; hunger with him was almost chronic. To-day he had eaten nothing since half-past eight in the morning; now it was three in the afternoon; he could tell that by the sun. He rose slowly from his seat on a fallen trunk. He must get home; he had a long walk before him.

"He made a few paces and then stood motionless, arrested by a cry—a call for help. For a moment he felt benumbed by indecision. Was the cry raised in boyish fun, or was it earnest? and what had it to do with him? Again it came, and his irresolution gave place to prompt action.

"His slowness troubled him; the life and energy about seemed to mock his shuffling steps, and the flickering dance of the sunbeams between the leaves of spring jeered at the lethargy of age.

"He raised his voice, attempting a shout, but the attempt resulted in a piping quaver. In his eagerness to come up with those who called, several times he stumbled over stones that lay

on his path, but he never slackened his feeble speed.

"A few minutes' walk—it seemed to him in his anxiety an hour—and he came face to face with what was required of him. Two boys were drowning before his eyes. Was it the spirit of cynicism that hissed in the old man's ear, as, divesting himself of his coat, he stepped into the cold current—"I don't know you"?—or was it suggested by some likeness in the drowning boys' faces to the 'bus passenger of the previous morning?"

* * * * *

"That night the two sons of Mr. Hare slept soundly in their home on Peckham Rye. In another room of the same house the proud man lost his pride as he pulled aside the white sheet covering the lifeless form of the old stranger who had incurred his displeasure by venturing to speak to him on the previous morning."

As the narrator concluded we all puffed away at our pipes and cigars, each reflecting on the advisability of slaying the churl within him.



“Walking Picture Galleries”

BY REGINALD H. COCKS. WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR,
AND SPECIAL DRAWINGS



TATTOOING seems to have been an art the origin of which was not unknown in pre-historic times. It is said that Cain was elaborately tattooed about his person, but who is there who can positively assert that he was not thus decorated? for to-day we know that there is not a single nation that does not, in some way or another—however primitive the method—adopt the practice of skin disfigurement.

A New Zealand girl will, for instance, prick her chin and lip with some crude instrument, and work primitive patterns upon the surface. We can form an idea of the “painless” operation by just glancing at the accompanying illustration.

Japanese treatment is more humane, but, seeing that Japs are supposed to be masters of the art, it is rather surprising to find that their “instrument of torture” consists of nothing more advanced than a bunch of needles fastened to a short handle, with which they stab the skin with numerous tiny punctures.

A Burmese tattooing instrument resembles a short dagger or stiletto, possessing, as a rule, an elaborately-carved ornamental figure-head at the handle end. The point of the weapon appears to be of a blunt nature, and the process correspondingly unsatisfactory so far as the sufferers are concerned.

Uncivilised tribes, such as Maoris, Hottentots, Patagonians, and many others, practise an extremely painful process. For example, they submit

themselves to the impressive ceremony of having various emblematic designs literally chiselled into the face by aid of a mallet and needle-spike, as we see depicted. Such people as these pride themselves on showing a scarred countenance, and he that doesn't turn his face into a sculpture gallery stands a poor chance of gaining an *entrée* into cannibal society.

Burmese tattooing is in two colours—blue and red—to produce which gun-powder, or ordinary coal dust, and vermilion are used.



NEW ZEALAND TATTOOING INSTRUMENT



ONE OF THE MOST ELABORATELY PICTURED SKINS TO BE SEEN

The art—for high art it certainly is—as practised to-day by skilled specialists, has made great strides, and it is doubtful whether it will now surpass itself.

The design, whatever may have been decided upon—and it is highly necessary to settle this point once and for all, for nothing can efface the needles' touch when once the pigments are beneath the skin (there is no getting away from it)—is first traced on the skin with a camel hair brush dipped in Chinese ink, whilst corrections and improvements can readily be effected.

The next process is to turn on the electric current from a battery (as used by high-class tattooists), by means of which a bunch of from one to fifty needles is set in motion, and the design indelibly traced in outline, vari-coloured vegetable dyes supplying the desired shades. And this brings us to the latest departure in the art, for Mr. Alfred South, a leading specialist in this work—and to whom the writer is greatly indebted for much of the material here reproduced—can turn up any design from a stock of considerably over 20,000 patterns, all copyrighted and of exqui-

site workmanship; whilst, moreover, some of these delicate trceries lend themselves to an impression of from six to ten tints, rendering the skin in many instances a beautiful work of art.

The actual process, then, as briefly described, might be compared to an extensive course of vaccination, at least in so far as "after effects" are concerned, and these wear off in a like period.

The gentleman whose copyright arms and chest we here depict values his skin at £400, relative to the amount which he himself has most cleverly worked upon it—a trying occupation, and one which, it is said, makes great demands on patience, seeing that it brings on shortness of breath, and a tendency to stand on your head in the middle of the room.

As regards the needles, these are of the size known to the feminine mind as "sixteens" or "tens," as the case may be, when a thick skin defies the former.

Although no blood is actually drawn, every precaution is taken to prevent the prying microbe from wandering about, and in order to arrive at this end, the needles are frequently boiled in strong antiseptic lotions, which render inoculation an impossibility. Apart from this, the skin is constantly subjected to ablutions of a soothing and antiseptic nature.

In many instances, however, the electric machine is dispensed with, and hand-work takes the place of the battery, this being the case when very fine shading and tracery are required.

The electric needle resembles in itself an ordinary pencil-case, the many points of the needles converging in the centre.

Tattooing is quite a society craze just now, and many very well-known and well-to-do people are wealthy on a "face" or skin value, for ladies find pleasure in cobwebs, snakes, and other fashionable flesh wounds, when these are part and parcel of themselves; while

others will have a diamond spider brooch reproduced in elaborate pigments on their shoulders, just hidden by the usual strip of dress which appears to be responsible for supporting woman's attire, and so concealing these vanities.

But many are the stories that the tattooist relates, and varied in the extreme are his experiences, whilst no name ever transpires as to whom the narratives refer. To be tattooed is an equivalent to any other bond of secrecy; the trust is inviolable 'twixt tattooist and tattooed.

A certain lady of title boasts a faithful imprint of her wedding ring, which is hidden from view by the original article.

The tattooist is called upon to exercise patience, certainly, and complete control over his sense of the ludicrous; otherwise, his reputation would be at stake at certain periods.

To give some idea of the wide range of subjects which are demanded of the tattooist's needle, I propose to quote a few instances.

There is a distinguished gentleman who is very popular in racing circles, and who boasts a fine stud of his own. The tattooist was required to reproduce faithful copies in tattoo of six horses upon this sportsman's arms and chest—a very elaborate undertaking, but in the end one which proved a great success, and caused endless gratification to the "wearer." Each horse was photographed separately, and these pictures formed a guide for the needles.

Then, again, it is not so very uncommon for a man to have the photograph of his wife produced in tattoo upon his shoulder, while she may return the compliment by having his name similarly imprinted upon her ankle.

Apart from mere adornment, there is a rational use for which the tattooist's art is in great demand, namely, that of injecting dyes for identification, should the "patient" fall victim to battle, murder or sudden death. The hero worship of the recently - returned guards from Sudan is now a matter of history, but it is not generally known that more than one officer under the command of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum placed

himself under the "fire" of Mr. South's needles prior to quitting these shores.

Very shortly after the Americo-Spanish war, an "Ammurrican" offered his skin to the tattooist—not in its entirety, but for the purpose of having engraved on his arm the badge of his regiment, together with "Santiago" written beneath.

When it is a case of tattooing the complete colours of respective regiments, as was the occasion on many officers during this last campaign, the process may occupy two days or more.

There are very many tattoo "inspirations" upon the skins of lovers, but what if, at any future date, a mutual separation, or one upon less satisfactory terms, be decided upon, when a "walking picture" seeks fresh subjects for his or her attachment,—must the previous emblems stand true to their colours, despite Monkey Brand?

It is hard to kick against the pricks, but any nuptial bond which depends upon the tattooist's needle for its effect may be taken as un-altar-able, for better or for worse.

But here is an instance in point. Two lovers, deeply attached to one another—so it appeared, at any rate, from the intimacy between them, their respective pseudonyms in use being "Spider" and "Web"—engaged the services of a well-known tattooist to inscribe a spider on the man's arm and a web on the woman's arm. Was the attachment only skin-deep? you will say, when, soon after, the engagement was broken off. What then? Would that web catch any more spiders, or would any fresh spiders choose to construct new webs?

Several clergymen are wrought about in divers colours, forming religious designs. Surely, with so varied a list of patrons, Mr. South may be truthfully said to have made his mark.

It was a quaint notion for a certain officer to have all his war medals reproduced on his chest; and an uncanny wish for a baroness to make her arm the home of a fiery dragon, three feet long, coiling itself round and round, and showing its teeth to a grim-looking tiger head.

But, as I have already remarked,

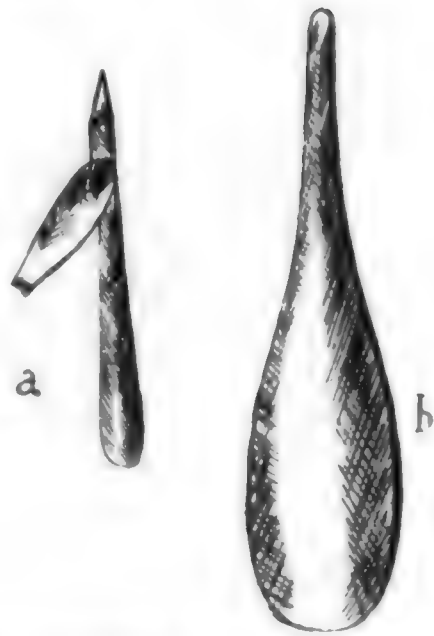
there is absolutely no limit to the number or description of designs required on short notice, and a celebrated tattooist may be called upon to trace either butterflies or Hindoostani hieroglyphics upon his patron's epidermis; yet we may rest assured that, be what it may—the simple-minded moth or the inarticulate Hindooism—the process in itself is painless and perfectly harmless.

Some pictures occupy considerable time before they can have the finishing touch imparted; but the majority, which do not run into such elaborate and skilful devices, can be completed whilst you wait, from four hours or less to as many weeks or months.

Tattooing, if carried out by a first-class operator, is guaranteed to leave a good impression behind (like somebody's soap), and as the majority of male patrons—sometimes others—enjoy the process immensely, smoking peacefully all the time that it's going on, tattooing may be reckoned amongst one of the latest fashionable sensations.

A so-called "Secret Society," numbering thirty-five (mark you the odd number), recently requested Mr. South to tattoo a distinguishing mark upon each member's shoulder blade. It was a non-political society, and one dare not say more than that.

The tattooist's fees vary in proportionate ratio with the amount of work and colouring bestowed upon the design; and, further, should the design be a special creation—that is, not chosen from the several thousand stock subjects which, as has been mentioned before, are of exquisite taste and pattern, embracing well nigh a dozen "private" illuminations, one might say,

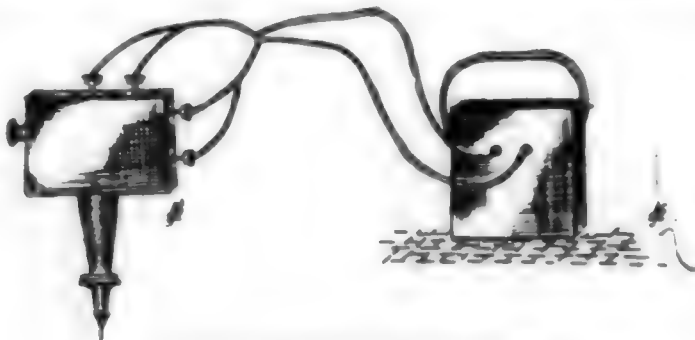


TAHITI TATTOOING INSTRUMENT AND Mallet

which would never be worked twice on patrons—then such special creations, which entail an incredible expense of preliminary working out on paper, prior to being permanently traced beneath the skin, would require a further expenditure, and might figure at from £5 to £10, the colouring naturally increasing the value. The more green or yellow—two very difficult pigments to produce satisfactorily—the higher the cost.

The rough-and-ready designs on Jack Tar's chest or arms in gunpowder require but a small outlay, while a tasty anchor from the tattooist's needle may only cost a dollar as a permanent investment.

Tattooing amongst aboriginals seems to have served the purpose of a substantial Harris tweed suit, for it was to



ELECTRIC TATTOOING INSTRUMENT

conceal nakedness that the custom originally prevailed, but then that wouldn't do in our kaleidoscopic climate, where there is an institution known as the "L. C. C.", although we do get it hot—sometimes.

But there are others to whom the tattooist has "to give the needle," and this is for a purpose little dreamt of as yet by those who know not of its virtues.

Ladies who seek that evanescent bloom upon their cheeks would do well to consult a tattooist, for this artist

just now. A black man, who has several white marks spreading over different parts of his face, consulted several leading specialists to little advantage. A London physician, however, advised him to consult me with a view to having the marks obliterated by means of tattoo. I have every confidence in being able to produce a colour in tattoo similar to his natural skin tint."

And I can take Mr. South's word for it, as he himself at one time was duly qualified to enter the medical profes-



TATTOOIST'S ARMS AND BACK

alone can render the right proportion of facial tint, and, in addition, guarantee unfailing regularity of tone.

Pale cheeks, in short, never need depend upon the rouge-pot for improvement, because a natural tint can be readily and permanently imparted by the needle without injury or discomfort.

Mr. South has volunteered the following very unique piece of information, which just goes to prove the all-round skill that may be required of a really qualified tattooist.

I quote from a letter: "A most peculiar case is receiving my attention

sion, but, having heaps of "ready," took to touring about and travelling in out-of-the-way countries, where he had numerous perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Here is one of them:

Whilst travelling in America, Mr. South came across a tattooed lady, an exhibition which interested him very naturally.

Seeing, however, that the work was not first-class—for by this time Mr. South had studied this art in every possible country, from Japan to Italy, and Russia to Turkey and India, and, accordingly, was an experienced critic—

he quietly informed the exhibitor that the exhibition was below "par"; whereupon an uproar ensued, the tattooed lady being very popular just at that time. The saloon was packed with an intoxicated crowd of onlookers, all eager for a row.

About a dozen made a rush for Mr. South with open knives, but, acting on first impulse, he planted his back against the wall, and, drawing a revolver, levelled it at the crowd, threatening to fire at the first man that came near him. This restored order until the New York police arrived on the scene. But Mr. South has had a very wide experience, and has put more into his thirty-six years than the majority of people could get through in half-a-dozen lifetimes. As already stated, Mr. South is a duly qualified medical practitioner; he has, moreover, passed all the necessary "exams." for the law. Engineering was also taken up, and a first-class position obtained

at one of the principal engineering firms.

Then followed travel. A good knowledge and fluency in seven different languages secured for this versatile gentleman the post of private secretary to an M.P.

As an artist, Mr. South has figured conspicuously, while his work in that direction finds full scope for his talent, in designing the beautiful pictures and emblems for tattoo.


If you wish to be tattooed from head to foot, as Mr. South himself is covered, it will take from nine to twelve months at least, but this is quite a matter of taste, and fails to keep out the cold when done. Whatever may be finally decided upon, Mr. Alfred South may be confidentially trusted, both to preserve the secret and, further, to produce work second to none, for in him you find not only the gifted tattooist that he certainly is, but, in addition, a "well-read" gentleman.



The Opium Habit in India

COMPILED FROM THE BLUE BOOKS

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

T seems certain," wrote Sir James B. Lyall, G. C. I. E., R. C. S. I., "that opium must have been carried as a medicine to India, and perhaps to China, long before Mohammedan times, for it was in high repute, and largely produced in the countries on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean in the first century of our era; and long after, as well as long before that century, the whole of the great trade between Europe and the Indies flowed through those very countries. A valuable drug like opium must have formed an item of the trade, though not perhaps in quantities to attract attention. It is said to be mentioned in Indian medical works supposed to belong to the eighth century. But, however that may be, there is good reason to believe that the use of the drug as a stimulant, and the cultivation of the poppy on a large scale for the production of opium are comparatively recent in Eastern Asia, and were introduced by Mussulman power and influence. The fact that alcohol was strictly forbidden by the commandments of the new religion (Mohammedan) would naturally lead its votaries in Arabia, Syria, Egypt and Persia to fall back on other stimulants known to them, like opium and hemp drugs, which had escaped prohibition."

In the sixteenth century the opium habit was common in India; opium was at this time also largely exported, the production and consumption must then have been large and of old standing.

At the end of the fifteenth century European navies and merchant ad-

venturers first appeared; and the discovery of the Cape route made a great change in the situation, and during the next two hundred years the old Oriental sea trade was transferred by the superior power and enterprise of the Europeans to themselves. Amongst the valuable articles traded in, opium was included.

Then came the days of Portuguese power, and India was assigned to this nation in the partition of all the Indies which the Pope made between them and the Spaniards, and we see these two nations claiming and enforcing a monopoly of Asiatic trade round the Cape against other Europeans until the end of the sixteenth century.

Following this period came the gloriously plucky days of the London and Dutch East India Companies, when Spanish and Portuguese monopolies were forcibly disputed and broken down, and Dutch and English factories were subsequently established on the west coast of India at Surat, and afterwards on the east coast, and on the Hugli in Bengal. All the European sea-traders took part, more or less, in the opium export trade, because opium was one of the few articles for which there was a steady demand in most of the countries to the east of India. It was profitable to buy it cheap, in exchange for European goods, or gold and silver, and to exchange it further East at high value for the silks, tea, pepper and spices, which were in so great demand in Europe. It was, moreover, a portable and durable commodity. The production in India was probably stimulated by the activity of the European traders' demands, and by the falling off of the

supply of opium from the Turkish Empire, which the old Arab trade used to convey.

But—and this is a point worth noting—there are no signs that the consumption in India increased after the Europeans came on the scene. Indeed the contrary is true. It may be that the

the freedom of the original Indian "ryot" to cultivate and sell his opium crops; nor to describe the constitution and malpractices of the many "rings" which arrogated to their members the right of opium purchase, and which imposed on the native cultivators in the



AN OPIUM EATER

introduction of tobacco in the seventeenth century led to a decrease in consumption of opium in some parts of India. The large increase in the Chinese demand for opium was certainly due to the substitution of opium-smoking for tobacco-smoking in China at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

It is not our intention to discuss here

seventeenth century, nor shall we give an account of the reforms wrought by Warren Hastings during his Governor-Generalship of India, and his policy with regard to the Patna opium monopoly, but pass on from a consideration of the more immediately historical aspect of the subject to a more general view.

Widely different opinions are held by different sections of the British and Indian communities on the opium question. Opium when used non-medicinally, say some, is little better than a poison whose only effect is to degrade humanity. Others declare that the use of opium as a drug has a highly beneficial effect on the consumer, as a "brightener of the intellect." Eminent doctors disagree as to the uses and abuses of opium, as is shown in the reports contained in the Parliamentary Blue Books. Personally, however, we are inclined to the opinion expressed by the Hon. the Maharaja Bahadur of Durbhanga, that "it has not, in my opinion, been proved that opium is an unmixed evil." This eminent and thoughtful writer then proceeds to offer a suggestion to which we shall allude later on.

At this stage we would point out that whereas the thoughtful and intelligent native Indian looks down on the habit of opium *smoking* as degrading, yet he does not so regard opium *eating*. "It is largely practised," says the same authority, "in Rajputana on festive occasions as a token of welcome to guests and friends. When two enemies

wish to end a long-standing feud, they generally go through the following ceremony: they each drink a small quantity of the preparation of opium called 'Amulpani' from the hands of the other, and this is recognised as making the ties of friendship inviolable. In certain localities opium is consumed at funerals, marriages, betrothals, and other ceremonies. Among the Kathis of Kathiwar it would be considered an offence if the guest refused to take opium on occasions like these. In the Punjab, a large proportion of the adult male population takes opium in small doses as a stimulant without much or any apparent harm. It is looked upon as a digestive and a very beneficial tonic for a man who has reached middle age."

The native Indian Prime Minister of the Indore State expressed his opinion before the recent Royal Commission, that were the cultivation of the poppy suppressed in India, there would be a resort to liquor, leading to physical deterioration, moral and social degradation, breach of religious commandment, and increase of crime, with grave discontent amongst the people, amounting to political danger.

Our illustrations are of natives in two



RUBBING CRUDE OPIUM AFTER MIXING WITH LINSEED OIL

of the Native States of Rajputana. There are nineteen States in all in Rajputana. Meywar is one, and Kotah another. The area of Meywar is in round figures 13,000, that of Kotah 4,000 square miles. The population of Meywar is under two millions; that of Kotah a little over half-a-million. In Meywar 50,000 acres are under poppy cultivation; in Kotah under 23,000 acres. No opium is produced in five out of the nineteen Rajputana States, and in six or seven others the production is relatively unimportant. There are five chief opium-producing States, and amongst them Kotah and Meywar.

In these States—as throughout the other opium-producing States—poppy cultivation is entirely free, and the cultivators are at liberty to dispose of the produce as they think fit. As a general practice, however, the crude opium, collected by them from the poppy plants, which is locally termed “chik,” is purchased by village money-lenders, known as Bohras and Manolidars, who are in the habit of advancing money on the crop. These village money-lenders sell the crude opium to traders, who arrange for its manufacture, and who, in some cases, deal direct with the cultivators. The amount of poppy cultivation in the opium-producing States varies with the rainfall. The irrigated area is selected for poppy cultivation, but the extent varies with the amount of water in the wells, tanks or streams used for irrigation purposes, which of course depends on the character of the rainfall. The price received by cultivators is a matter of arrangement between themselves and the village money-lenders, and this, again, largely depends on the prices obtainable for the manufactured article in that great opium-importing country—China. The opium is not, as a rule, exported until it is two years old. If the prices obtainable from export are considered too low, the traders hold back supplies in hopes of a rise, and so the stocks of manufactured opium increase.

We will now turn our attention to the method of cultivation and manufacture. The seed is sown generally between the middle of October and the end of November. About January and February

the poppy plants begin to flower. As soon as the flowers mature, the petals are collected, and made up into what are known as “leaf.” The leaves are prepared by placing the petals in an earthenware plate over a slow fire, covered by a damp cloth, and pressing them by means of a cloth pad, until they adhere, or form a thin round cake, varying from six to twelve inches in diameter. They (the leaves) are sent to the factory, where they are used in making the outer shell or envelope of the opium balls.

After the petals have been taken off and the capsules allowed to ripen, they are ready for the extraction of the juice. The capsules are lanced vertically in the afternoon, at intervals of three or four days, with an instrument composed of three or four sharp iron blades tied together, the incisions being sufficiently deep to let the juice flow freely from the shell of the capsule without breaking through its inner wall into the receptacle for seed. The juice is then allowed to exude and coagulate on the capsule until the next morning, when it is scraped off. The scrapings are collected in shallow brass or earthen vessels, and tilted up so as to allow of a black slimy substance called “pussewa,” which is formed under certain atmospheric conditions, to drain off. On the care with which the pussewa is separated from the drug depends, to a great extent, the purity of the opium delivered. The drug is periodically turned over and manipulated until the time fixed for its weighment, usually about the middle of April. After classification and weighment the opium is placed in earthen jars, holding about eighty-two pounds each, which are sealed and despatched to the factory in consignments of a hundred at a time, under a proper escort.

On receipt of the opium at the factories, the contents of each jar are classified and tested. All opium declared after examination to be good is stored in large stone vats.

There is not very much in the manufacture of opium, indeed, the only manufacturing process necessary is so to mix opium of different consistencies as to get a standard consistence for the

whole. This process is technically known as "alligation." The alligation completed, the opium is taken to the caking room and there weighed out for each cake or ball to be manufactured. The shell or outer covering of the cake, which is composed of poppy leaves put together by means of a paste made of opium and pussewa mixed with water, known as "lewa," is manufactured in hemispherical brass moulds, and when finished it is a sphere about the size of a 24lb. shot. The thickness of the shell is seven-sixteenths of an inch. After manufacture, the cakes are placed in small earthen cups, and ranged on racks where they are regularly examined and turned, and any damage or repairs needed promptly attended to. So far, we have described the manufacture of what is known as "provision" opium, that is opium intended for export.

That prepared for local consumption is known as "Excise" or "abkari" opium. This is dried by exposure to the sun, until its consistence is raised to 90 degrees owing to the evaporation of the moisture in the drug. It is then weighed into quantities of about two pounds, which are pressed in moulds into square cakes. The cakes are wrapped in Nepal paper, slightly oiled to prevent adhesion, and packed in boxes containing sixty each.

We now devote our attention to opium-smoking. This, as our Maharaja has already informed us, is not regarded as a practice with the same favour by thoughtful native Indians as is that of opium-eating. Indeed, it is a practice generally looked down upon as a low and vicious habit. Several of the witnesses before the Commission thought the practice—and especially that of madak-smoking—injurious to health. Others thought that the injurious effects were not due directly to the smoking, but to the associations and surroundings of the habit. These are certainly very bad.

The practice of smoking seems to require that it shall be carried on in company, and the premises or "dens" in which opium smokers meet in India are of a squalid and insanitary character. The frequenters of these premises belong to the humbler grades of society. Many of them are, no doubt, decent working men who call for their smoke much as English workmen call for their glass of beer; but these places are also



TRANSFERRING OPIUM FROM BAGS INTO COPPER VESSELS FOR KNEADING

the resort of the idle and dissipated and vicious persons, the declassed and homeless waifs and strays who gravitate into large towns. It is easy to understand that such associations and surroundings would be deleterious to the health and corrupting to the morals of the young. Public opinion in India is against these "dens," and the consumption of opium in any form upon the premises of licensed shops is not now permitted. Opium-smoking is



MAKING ROUND CAKES OF OPIUM

practised in two ways, namely, as *madak-smoking*, and as *chandu-smoking*. The preparation of opium used in these two ways is quite different, and the manner of smoking is also different. The substance called madak is prepared by dissolving crude opium in water, boiling the solution, and straining through cloth. The strained product is boiled down to a syrup and then mixed with charred leaves of accacia, betel, or guava, so as to form a soft mass. The mass thus obtained is finally divided into little balls about the size of small marbles, and weighing under seven grains each. Madak is usually smoked in the ordinary hubble-bubble pipe. One of the tiny balls is placed in the bowl of the pipe and covered with a piece of glowing charcoal, it is then smoked much in the same way as tobacco.

Chandu is prepared by boiling down a strained solution of opium in water in large copper caldrons to a thick con-

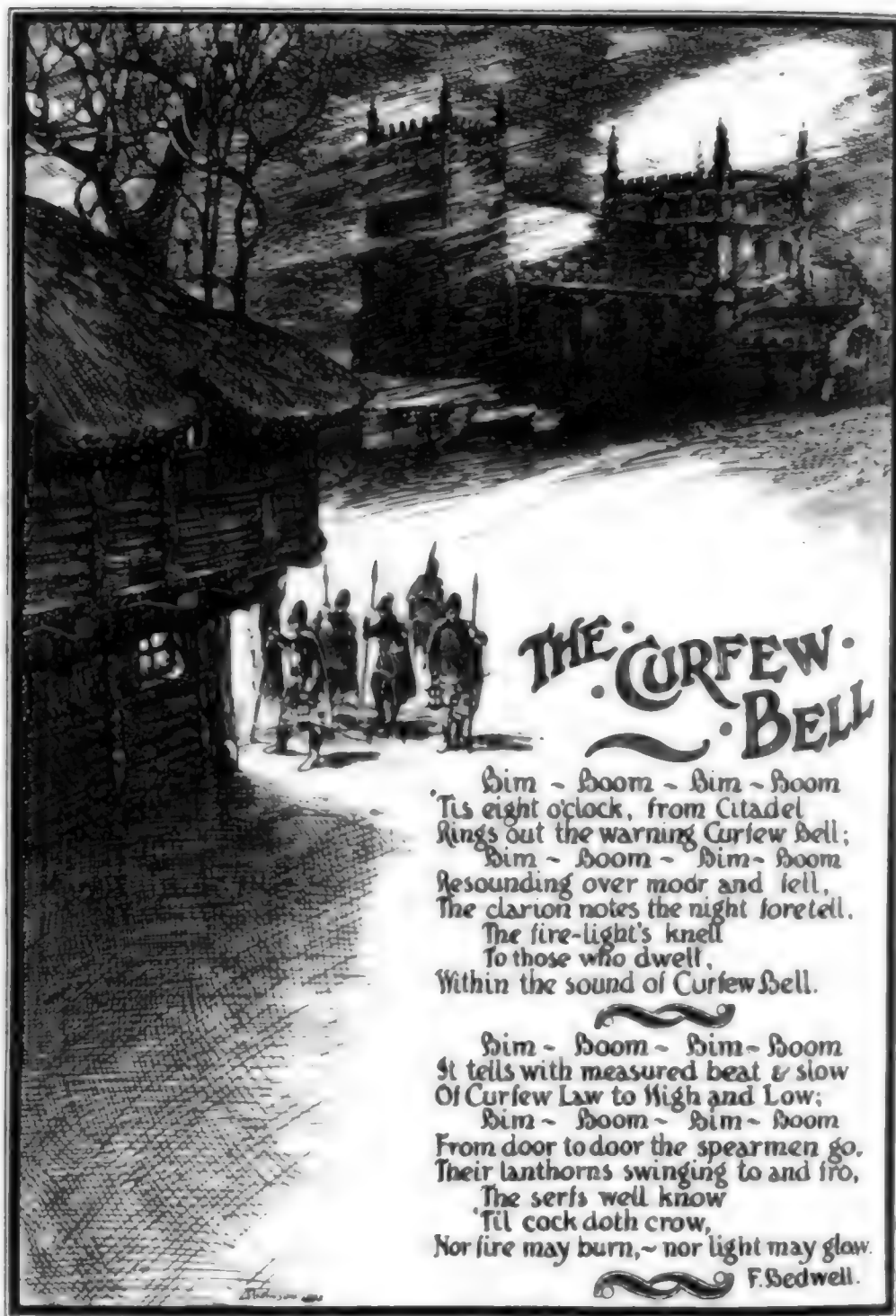
sistency. As the concentration proceeds, crusts form on the surface of the simmering mass; these are removed in succession as they form. These crusts are again dissolved in water, and the solution is again concentrated by boiling, until, finally, a thick extract is obtained, of the consistency and appearance of thick tar. This is the "smokable extract" used in India by chandu smokers. It is smoked in the freshly-made or raw state, without any further preparation, and must be regarded as a coarse form of chandu. Chandu is smoked in a specially-constructed pipe, and in a peculiar manner. The pipe stem is composed of a tube of bamboo, about twenty inches long, and more than an inch thick. One end is closed, and the other end is fashioned into a thick mouthpiece with a large orifice. About seven inches from the closed extremity is a round hole, mounted in brass-work, for the reception of the neck of the bowl. The bowl of a chandu pipe is

usually made of terra-cotta, and is entirely unlike the bowl of a tobacco pipe. Armed with a pointed probe or style, the chandu smoker dips the point into the supply of chandu, and takes up a suitable quantity, which forms a little drop at the point of the style. This he now carefully heats over the flame of a lamp, until it dries up into a soft pilule. He next transfers the little pilule to the shallow cup on the upper surface of the bowl. Then assuming a reclining position, he cautiously applies the pilule to the flame of the lamp, and at the right moment, when the chandu begins to bubble and to emit smoke, he takes a full inspiration and fills his lungs with smoke, and then slowly discharges it. One or two such inspirations exhaust the charge. A practised smoker will smoke fifteen or twenty pipes at a sitting. Opium smoking in India is the habit of the comparatively few; it is almost confined to the towns, and is scarcely known among the country cultivators. An authority who has had special opportunities of studying this subject,

says that probably not so many as one in every ten thousand of the whole population ever smokes opium.

In concluding our paper we would not omit to mention the suggestion offered by the Hon. Maharaja Bahadur of Durbhanga. He says: "In Burma certain restrictions have been put on the sale of opium by the local government. And I think that, in other parts of India also, the local governments, as well as local bodies like the district boards, should be empowered to frame rules for the sale of opium according to the circumstances of the different localities. It is impossible to make any suggestions that can apply to the whole of India, and I hesitate therefore to lay down any hard-and-fast rule upon the point. I would, however, urge that opium should be sold in bottles or phials labelled 'Poison,' and the minimum dose which is likely to be fatal should be legibly written in the vernacular on these labels." Certainly were this plan adopted the chances of accident would be reduced to a minimum.





THE CURFEW-BELL

Dim - Boom - Dim - Boom
 'Tis eight o'clock, from Citadel
 Rings out the warning Curfew Bell;
 Dim - Boom - Dim - Boom
 Resounding over moor and fell,
 The clarion notes the night foretell.
 The fire-light's knell
 To those who dwell,
 Within the sound of Curfew Bell.

Dim - Boom - Dim - Boom
 It tells with measured beat & slow
 Of Curfew Law to High and Low;
 Dim - Boom - Dim - Boom
 From door to door the spearmen go,
 Their lanthorns swinging to and fro,
 The serfs well know
 'Til cock doth crow,
 Nor fire may burn, nor light may glow.

F. Bedwell.



ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KIGHT

CAPTAIN the Honourable Maurice Brazabon, of the Folkestone Fusiliers, hated "niggers," under which generic designation he included all the dark-skinned races of the world. The gallant officer's education had been neglected; his knowledge of ethnography, as of everything else, was limited; his ill-spelt letters would have disgraced an eleven-year-old Board School child. The mighty Robin himself, prince of Army crammers, who has reduced to an exact science the art of inserting temporary stuffing into empty skulls, recognising that the "preparation" of the Hon. Maurice was a feat beyond his powers, had consented to undertake the job only after receiving a hint that this unpromising aspirant to martial glory had influential friends in high places. Suffice it to add that the favoured candidate

passed his examination, and was duly gazetted to a commission in Her Majesty's Army.

At the time our story opens, the Folkestone Fusiliers were quartered at Poona, and Brazabon, with his wife and child, were residing in a bungalow in the Ghorpurri lines. The natives of India were regarded by Captain Brazabon with an intensity of loathing and detestation amounting almost to madness.

"I can't keep my hands off the brutes," he would say. "The very sight of them is nauseous to me. A set of dirty heathens, ignorant, soulless, and deceitful. I cannot understand for what purpose they were brought into the world, unless to be the slaves of white men."

After enunciating which sentiments, this scion of a noble race would give his straw-coloured moustache an aggressive twirl, screw his eye-glass firmly into hi

pale, watery blue eye, and stare at his auditor, with an expression on his vacuous countenance intended to indicate that he himself was a being of quite an exceptional type—which, indeed, he was.

The Captain showered blows and abuse freely upon his Indian servants, never losing an opportunity of administering a kick or a cuff to those humble dependents; but the brunt of his displeasure fell upon one Dhondi, a Mah-ratta *syce* (groom), whose swarthy hide bore visible signs of constant flagellation. Dhondi submitted without a murmur to the ill-treatment so unjustly accorded to him; he had served his time as a battery *syce*, in both senses of the term, and had learnt to regard his daily castigations as a part of his lot upon earth, against which it would be idle to complain. He had several mouths to feed, and it was wonderful how he managed to maintain his mother, wife, and four children on his starvation wage of seven rupees a month. Captain Brazabon, who prided himself on his generosity and hospitality, and spared no expense in entertaining his friends, grudged nevertheless every farthing of the miserable pittance with which the wretched menials in his employ strove to keep body and soul together. On one occasion, when Dhondi had begged humbly for an increase of one rupee a month to his pay, his master had struck him a savage blow, exclaiming with an oath that he received a great deal more than he deserved.

Although the long-suffering Dhondi himself continued to perform his duties cheerfully and uncomplainingly, there was one member of his household who prayed night and day to the Hindoo gods for vengeance on the cruel taskmaster. Old, half-witted Ramabhai, Dhondi's mother, in whose memory the events of the Sepoy Mutiny were yet green, predicted that Brazabon Sâhib would be visited for his sins with a terrible retribution; but the other servants, regarding her as a harmless imbecile, paid little heed to her ravings.

* * * *

The Folkestone Fusiliers were to be inspected by the General, and Brazabon

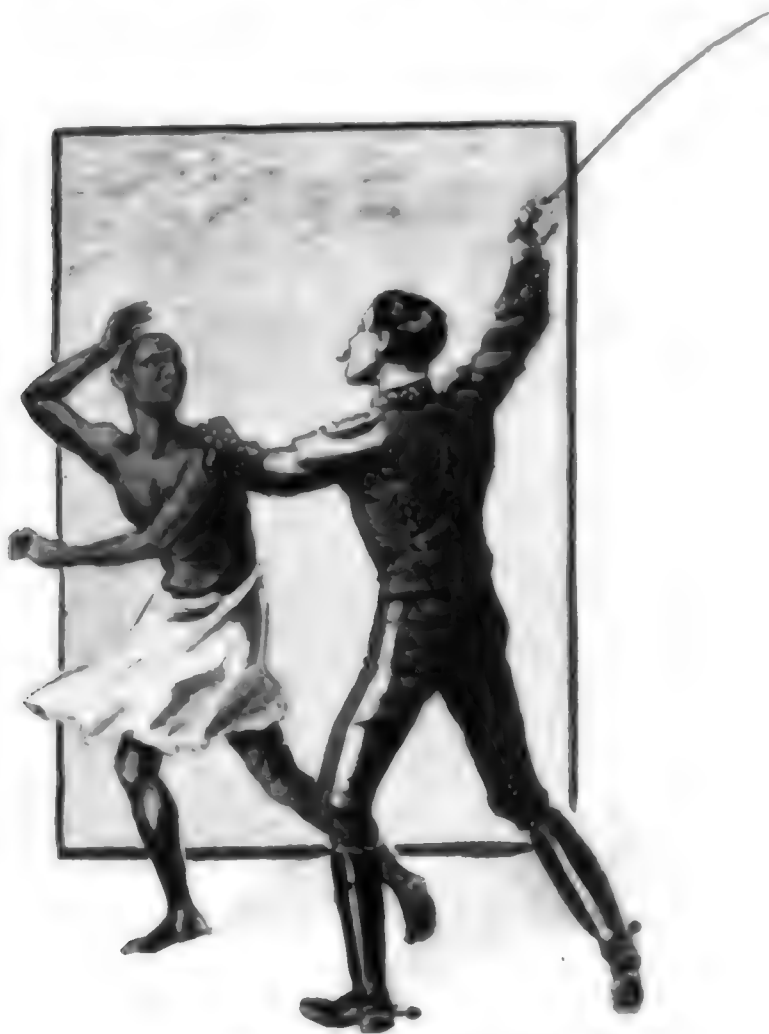
had ordered Dhondi to have his pony ready at half-past six on the morning of the inspection. The second bugle was still sounding when the Captain, the very pink of smartness, stepped jauntily out into the porch, and called for the pony. His call met with no response: not a soul seemed to be stirring in the compound. He turned livid with rage, and rushing to the stable, found Dhondi fast asleep on the floor. Rousing the delinquent with a vicious kick in the naked ribs, and pouring forth a volley of angry abuse, he ordered him to saddle and bridle the animal with all despatch. Brazabon, as he superintended the operation, was ugly to look upon; his features were contorted with fury; he gnashed his teeth savagely, stamped on the ground, and actually foamed at the mouth with the intensity of his passion. Fain would he have meted out punishment to Dhondi then and there, but, through fear of occasioning further delay, restrained himself, with the determination to wreak a full measure of vengeance so soon as he should have returned from parade.

The unfortunate *syce*, alarmed by the terrible look in his master's face, and by his curses and threats, trembled so violently that he could scarcely buckle the girths. At last Brazabon was in the saddle, cantering smartly down the Cantonment road, with Dhondi following, panting, and breathless. "I'll cut the heart out of you, you black thief, for making me late for parade," was his Parthian shaft, as, leaping from the saddle, and throwing the reins to the *syce*, he hurried towards the parade ground, where, to his dismay, the regiment had already fallen in. Every eye of the battalion was upon him, as he made his way shamefacedly to his own company; and he was aware that the Colonel was regarding him with a look of stern disapproval. The cup of his humiliation was full when the General rebuked him in the presence of the regiment for his unpunctuality.

Captain Brazabon returned from parade in a very savage mood. His wife, leading his little daughter by the hand, came out into the garden to meet him, so he was constrained to defer the execution of his vengeance till a more

fitting opportunity. The demon of wrath was raging so fiercely in his bosom, that he gave but short and sullen answers to all questions addressed to him; and the child, looking up into his face, with large, innocent eyes, wondered what had made her Dad so angry. After breakfast, Brazabon, arming himself with a cutting whip, repaired to the stables where Dhondi, naked to the waist, was rubbing down the pony and secretly congratulating

crowd of servants with their wives and children, who, gathering round, begged the Sahib to desist. Their words fell on deaf ears. Brazabon, unsoftened by the piteous pleading of Dhondi's wife and mother, and by the weeping of the poor little half-starved children, who thought that their father was being murdered, continued his task with brutal persistency, covering the naked body with deep weals. Desisting at last, through sheer exhaustion, he flung



"BEGAN TO THRASH HIM VICIOUSLY"

himself on having escaped the promised punishment. Brazabon, with an evil scowl on his face, seized the unfortunate man by the scruff of the neck, dragged him out into the compound, and began to thrash him viciously on head, face, body and limbs—whichever part presented itself to the stroke.

Dhondi's cries brought out a small

his helpless victim, a bleeding, inert mass of humanity, on to the ground, and strode away saying, "That'll teach you to make me late for parade again, you black scoundrel!"

That evening, Captain and Mrs. Brazabon, at dinner, were disturbed by the sound of loud wailing in the compound without.

"Go and tell those niggers to stop that infernal row, or I'll come out and half-murder some of them," roared the Captain angrily to the butler. "How often have I told you that I object to a noise in the compound?"

"Please Sâhib," answered the man mildly, "Dhondi dying just now. His mother and wife make cry. No can stop. When man die, women crying always like that."

"Oh, Maurice," said Mrs. Brazabon in tones of alarm, after the butler had left the room, "it would be a dreadful thing if Dhondi were to die; they would say you had killed him."

"They may say what they please; it would be a d——d lie," retorted Brazabon. "The fellow is a feeble creature, not worth his salt, continually shamming sick, and shirking his work on every possible occasion. He might die any day, and it wouldn't be my fault. I am sure the hiding I gave him this morning, which he richly deserved, could make no difference."

"Hush! Maurice, I cannot bear to hear you speak like that of a fellow-creature."

"A fellow-creature! Do you call a *syce* a fellow-creature? Well, I don't. Besides, a nigger the less in the world will never be missed," was the brutal response. "However, I'll take the precaution of squaring his family; as, if the native press were to get wind of the affair, it might be a bit awkward for me. Fifty rupees will do the job effectually, I fancy; though it's a long price to pay for a nigger."

Mrs. Brazabon, deeply shocked, rose and left the room without replying, knowing the futility of arguing with her husband in his present frame of mind.

The next morning, the family party were seated in the verandah, when an aged crone, with yellowy-white locks, and a brown, parchment face, deeply seamed with wrinkles, prostrated herself on the ground before them, and raising a skinny forefinger menacingly, began to mumble out in the Mahratta tongue what sounded like a curse. Neither Captain Brazabon nor his wife could understand what she said, but little Bella, gazing curiously at the

prostrate figure, interpreted the drift of her speech.

"She says Daddy has killed Dhondi, and that he will be punished for it," exclaimed the child in frightened tones. "She keeps on repeating, 'Three lives! three lives!' but I don't know what she means by that."

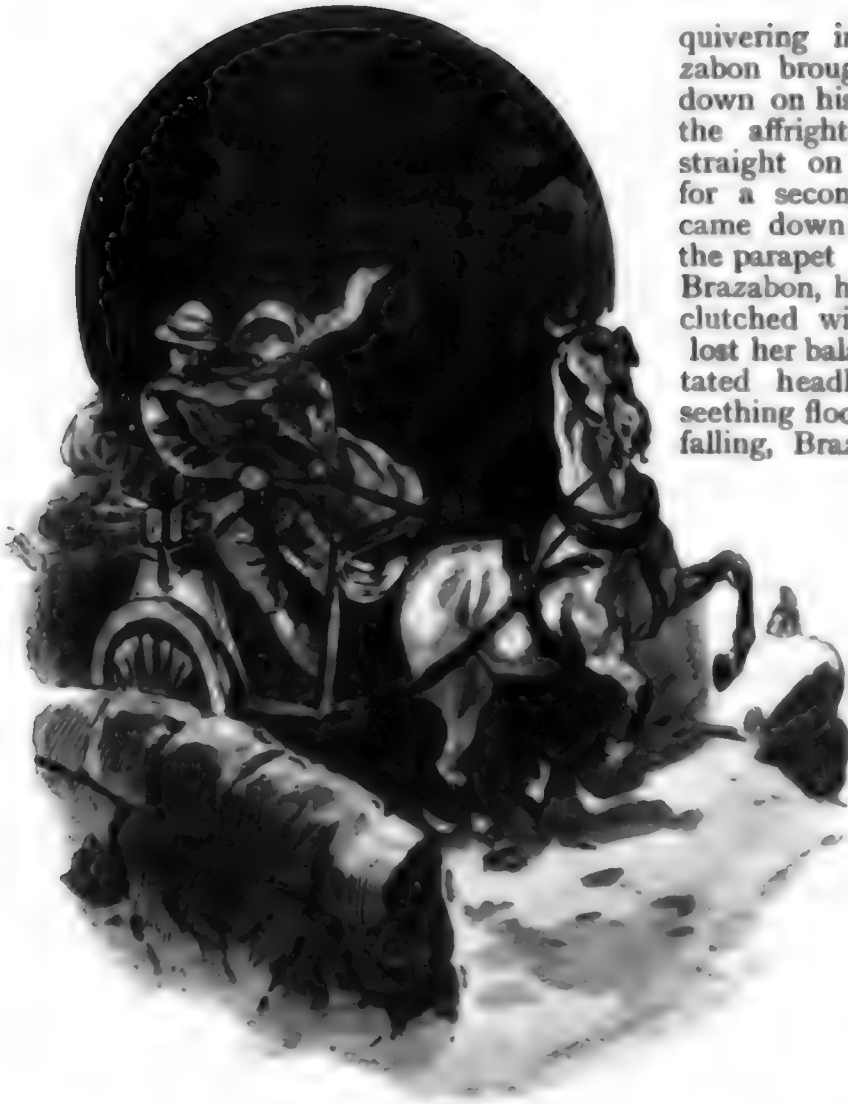
Brazabon, summoning the butler, told him to inform the old woman that if she would agree to hush the matter up she should receive a present of fifty rupees, to be paid at the end of three months; but that if, in the meantime, she breathed a word to anyone of what had occurred, she should receive nothing, and should be turned out of her house in the compound.

"That'll stop the old hag's mouth. I know these niggers well; they would sell their souls for money," he said to his wife. But, after the old woman had hobbled away, the butler informed him, to his infinite surprise and disgust, that Ramabhai had declared that she and Dhondi's mother and children would rather starve than touch a farthing of of the Sâhib's money.

"More fools they," observed Brazabon, contemptuously, with a sense of virtuous indignation at his generous offer being refused.

Captain Brazabon engaged another *syce*, and dismissed from his mind all thoughts of the ill-fated Dhondi. Some three months later, he was driving his wife home at dusk in a dog-cart from Kirkee, and while crossing the Wellesley Bridge, with its narrow and dangerous road lined by flimsy, low parapets, had pulled the horse up to a walk. Though they had passed no living being on the last half-mile of the road, Mrs. Brazabon became suddenly aware of a strange, unnatural presence, and, looking nervously round, saw the half-naked figure of a man, an exact counterpart of the deceased Dhondi, glide swiftly and noiselessly from behind, and spring on to the back seat of the dog-cart.

She was paralysed with fright. Her tongue, grown dry, clave to the roof of her mouth; she was unable to utter a word. Her husband, noticing the strange contortions in her face as she strove vainly to speak, said, "What on earth's the matter, Marion? Are you ill?"



"DRIVING HIS WIFE HOME IN A DOG-CART"

"No," she gasped hoarsely, the words seeming to choke her. "There is a terrible—something—on the seat behind us. I believe it is Dhondi's ghost. Oh, Maurice, I am so frightened, I feel I am going to faint."

"Nonsense, Marion," he laughed; "it's only some scoundrel playing a trick upon us. I'll leave a mark upon him by which to remember me." Saying which, and turning half round, he jobbed the handle of the whip with savage force into the face of the occupant of the back seat. There was no resistance. The blow passed through thin air, and a sardonic smile played over the ghastly features of the phantom.

The horse, meanwhile, had broken into a cold sweat, and was standing still,

quivering in every limb. Brazabon brought the whip smartly down on his quarters, whereupon the affrighted animal, rearing straight on end, pawed the air for a second or two, and then came down with his fore-feet on the parapet of the bridge. Mrs. Brazabon, hysterical with fright, clutched wildly at her husband, lost her balance, and was precipitated headlong into the dark, seething flood below. As she was falling, Brazabon heard a sepulchral voice that seemed to be floating in the air, repeating in sinister tones the weird refrain, "Three lives! Three lives!" The horse, regaining the ground, broke into a mad gallop and bolted wildly home. Brazabon had the greatest difficulty in retaining his seat, and when he was able to glance round, found that he was alone; the ghostly visitant had disappeared.

Brazabon's friends endeavoured to persuade him to send his little motherless child to England, but he declined to follow their advice, haunted with a superstitious dread that some harm might befall his darling if separated from him. He therefore invited one of his sisters to come and keep house for him in India, and take care of Bella. As time went by, Bella, with a child's blessed facility for banishing sad memories, recovered her spirits and became as happy and bright as ever, though she sometimes asked wonderingly why her mother had never returned from Kirkee.

One evening, the child, after returning from a walk with her ayah, said to her father, "Daddy dear, I met that horrible old woman Ramabhai on the road. She looked at me so strangely, and said, 'Three lives! Three lives! Your turn next, Missy Baba.' I was afraid she would catch me and carry me off. But the ayah threatened to call a policeman, and then Ramabhai ran away."

Brazabon took Bella on to his knee, and, stroking her curls caressingly, pacified her with the assurance that the old woman was quite silly, and did not know what she was saying. He was nevertheless seized with a foreboding of impending evil, which made his blood run cold. What if the old woman's words were to come true, and his darling were to be taken from him! What would he have left to live for?

The hot weather had set in, and there had been some cases of small-pox among the natives in the bazaar; but, as the complaint was usual at that time of year, the Europeans paid little heed to it. Captain and Miss Brazabon, however, decided to take Bella to Mahableschwur, and thus guard against all possible chance of infection. The evening before their departure, brother and sister went to a dinner party, leaving the ayah in charge of the child, with strict injunctions to remain in the nursery during their absence. On their return home, Miss Brazabon went to the nursery and found the ayah stretched, to all appearance, fast asleep on a mat across the doorway. She tried to rouse her, spoke to her, shook her; but the woman, though breathing heavily, gave no further sign of consciousness. Miss Brazabon, believing that the ayah was drunk, turned away with a gesture of disgust, and walked towards the child's cot. She saw to her surprise, in the dim light, two little faces reposing side by side on the pillow; one, plump and rosy, framed in a tangle of clustering brown curls; the other, black, drawn, emaciated, the closely shaven crown of the head covered with white, running sores. With an exclamation of horror, she lifted the coverlet, and beheld, nestled up against Bella, the naked corpse of a native child, covered with

gaping ulcers. Her scream of terror brought the whole household running into the room. Taking her brother by the arm, she pointed silently to the two figures lying on the bed. One of the servants, grasping the situation, wrapped a sheet round the body of the dead child and carried it from the room. Bella, meanwhile, continued to sleep placidly, in blissful unconsciousness of the drama that had been enacted. She was under the influence of a drug.

The mystery was never cleared up. The ayah, on waking from her profound slumber, several hours later, protested that she knew nothing of what had occurred, that she had touched no liquor or intoxicating drugs; and she vowed that she had been bewitched. It was "*Shaitan ka kam*" (Devil's handiwork); there was no other possible explanation. The only clue, slight as it was, was found in the testimony of the Chokedar (night watchman), who deposed that old Ramabhai used frequently to wander about the compound at night, calling for her son, and invoking the Hindoo gods to avenge his death. The natives of India reverence mad people; and the Chokedar admitted that, believing Ramabhai to be insane and harmless, he had not interfered with the old woman, who, so far as he knew, had never entered the house.

A few days after the Brazabons arrived at Mahableschwur, little Bella sickened of the loathsome disease, and speedily succumbed to it. Miss Brazabon was too ill herself to attend the funeral, and Captain Brazabon was the only mourner present at the burial service. After the Chaplain had departed, Brazabon stood with bared head, in the deepening gloom, gazing with anguish-stricken face into the yawning grave that contained the last remains of his beloved child.

"The sins of the father have been visited upon an innocent child. How gladly would I have sacrificed my own life in expiation of my cruelty, could only my darling Bella have been spared," groaned the miserable man.

As he finished speaking, he lifted his eyes from the grave, and there, on the opposite brink, almost touching him,

stood the spectral form of a man, naked to the waist, whose body was covered with deep, livid weals.

Brazabon clasped his hands over his eyes to shut out the horrible vision; but the stern, accusing voice, sounding like a requiem in his ears, repeated the now familiar refrain, "Three lives! Three lives!" When he lowered his hands he was alone with the dead.

* * * *

The miserable man now knew that there was a curse upon his life, and that the prophecy of Ramabhai was being fulfilled. Two lives had been taken already; the third would surely be his own. He felt that death in any shape would come as a welcome relief. He was haunted at all times, waking and sleeping, by the vision of his victim. He grew strangely gloomy and morose, developed signs of melancholia, and sought to drown care in drink. After returning to Poona, he met frequently on the roads the old woman, who, as soon as she caught sight of him, would run up to him and shriek in his ears her monotonous cry for vengeance.

At last Brazabon fell seriously ill, and was ordered to England, as the only chance of saving his life. The change of air and scene worked wonders. Away from his former surroundings, he rapidly regained health and strength, and became a new man; and, before a year had elapsed, had begun to believe that life was still worth living. The phantom of the murdered *syce* ceased to haunt him, and he succeeded in banishing from his thoughts that terrible episode of the past. Weary of his lonely existence, and pining for love and sympathy, he was fortunate enough to win the affection of a beautiful girl, who promised to be his wife. The day of their wedding had been fixed, when Brazabon suddenly received a telegram intimating that his regiment had been ordered on active service to the North-West Frontier of India, and that he must rejoin forthwith.

The morning of his departure, his betrothed, clinging fondly to him, said, "Oh, Maurice, I had such a terrible dream last night, which has made me feel quite nervous and frightened about

you. I dreamt that I was walking along a lonely road in India, when an old woman came up to me and shrieked some words in my ears, of which I could only make out the sound of your name. She stretched her skinny hands towards my throat, and I, spellbound by a deadly fascination, powerless to move or speak, felt as if I were about to be strangled. Then I awoke, trembling all over. The recollection of it makes me sick with apprehension. I have a presentiment that something terrible will happen. How I wish you were not leaving me, dearest."

Brazabon felt a shiver run through his frame. Life had become very dear to him. Though no coward, he dreaded the thought that he might never again look upon the sweet face of his beloved.

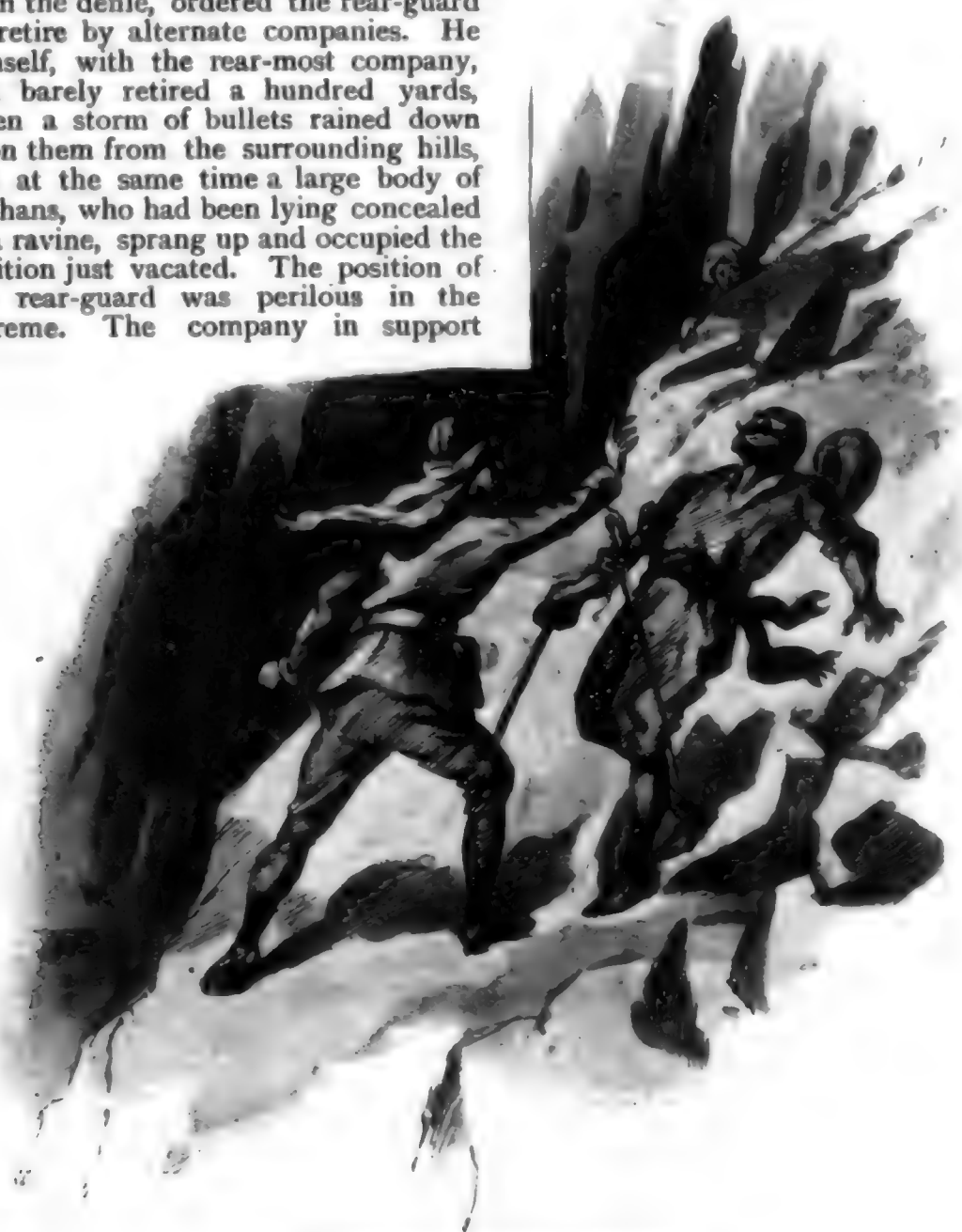
Taking her to his heart and kissing away her tears, he consoled her with brave words, adding, "The war will not last long, my darling, and we shall be married as soon as it is over. Perhaps I shall win a D.S.O.; won't you be proud of me then?"

* * * *

The incidents of that campaign are fresh in the memory of all: how the fierce hillmen, after a brave resistance, were subdued by the superior valour and discipline of their opponents. The recalcitrant tribesmen had tendered their submission, and the British forces had been ordered to withdraw from the area of operations. The return route to India lay through a patch of mountainous country occupied by a tribe which, although it had not avowed open hostility to the British, viewed their presence with sullen disapproval. The General in command of the Brigade, of which the Folkestone Fusiliers formed a part, elated with his success and blind to the danger signals which to a more experienced leader would have been obvious, laughed at the warnings of the Political Officer accompanying the Column, and declared that it was quite unnecessary to increase the strength of the rear-guard. Thus it befell that Captain Brazabon found himself detailed to cover the retirement of the Brigade, with two companies of his regiment—a force totally inadequate

for such an important duty. The proposed camping-ground for the night was a valley on the far side of a long, narrow defile. Before the main body of the troops reached the mouth of the defile, night had set in and the moon was high in the sky. Brazabon's detachment had meanwhile occupied a strong position among boulders, with the intention of holding it until their comrades should have cleared the gorge. Brazabon, on receiving intimation from the connecting files that the main body had debouched safely from the defile, ordered the rear-guard to retire by alternate companies. He himself, with the rear-most company, had barely retired a hundred yards, when a storm of bullets rained down upon them from the surrounding hills, and at the same time a large body of Pathans, who had been lying concealed in a ravine, sprang up and occupied the position just vacated. The position of the rear-guard was perilous in the extreme. The company in support

doubled up to the rescue of their comrades; but the main body was now so distant from the scene of action that no relief from that quarter could be expected. There was nothing for it but to die like men. The Pathans behind the boulders, reinforced by hundreds of their fellow-tribesmen, and emboldened by the small number of their opponents, rushed out in a mass to overwhelm the little band. A withering volley stretched several of them dead upon the ground; but the rest, carried onward by the

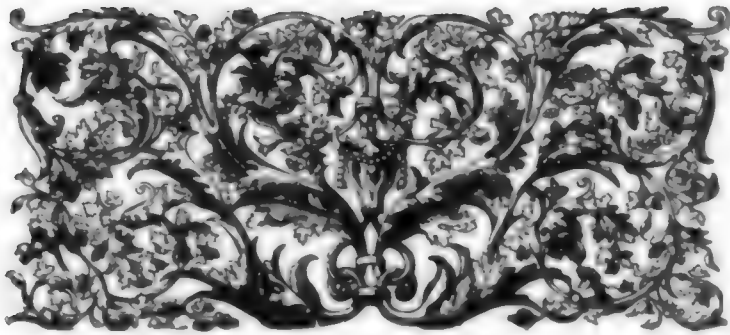


"THE GIANT STAGGERED BACKWARDS"

impetus of the rush, were soon in the midst of the British soldiers, when a fierce and bloody encounter between sword and bayonet ensued, in which quarter was neither asked nor given.

The British leader found himself engaged with a hairy giant of most ferocious aspect, who, whirling his broad-bladed tulwar round his head, to the accompaniment of the fierce Moslem war-cry, made savage slashes at his adversary. Brazabon, who was a good swordsman, parried the cuts of his formidable opponent, and then disabling him by a skilful thrust in the wrist, caused the weapon to fly from his hand. The giant staggered back-

wards, and Brazabon was about to run him through, when a lean, brown body, with livid weals showing clear in the moonlight, interposed itself between his sword-point and the breast of his foe. It was the phantom of the murdered *syc*. Brazabon reeled like a drunken man; the sword dropped from his nerveless grasp; ere he could recover himself, the Pathan, with an exultant shout of "*Allah Akhbar!*" had driven a dagger deep into his throat. While his life-blood was spurting forth in a warm, red gush, there sounded in his ears, for the last time, above the din of battle, the words of fatal import, "Three lives! Three lives!"



Echoes of the Great Rebellion

A VISIT TO LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE

BY GERTRUDE BACON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN
BY THE AUTHOR



AMONG all the thousand items that go toward the making-up of history, none stand out so boldly, none strike our imagination so vividly, none remain in our memories so long, as the great acts of personal valour or national heroism, that, thank heaven! are scattered so freely among the records of the ages. The wise laws of some far-seeing statesman, the immortal works of an inspired genius, the political crimes of an unscrupulous ruler, though infinitely more far-reaching in their effects, fail to impress us as the glorious achievements of a popular hero, the courage of a devoted band. Our knowledge of the ancient Greeks may be vague and misty, but we know all about Leonidas and his followers "combing their hair for death" in the pass of Thermopylæ. Ever since we left school we have been religiously forgetting all we ever learnt of Roman history; but the story of bold Horatius, "who kept the bridge so well," has a special niche in our memories. Richard the Lionhearted was by no means as estimable a king as, say, Henry the Seventh, but we greatly prefer him. Sir Francis Drake is more interesting to us than Lord Burleigh, and Nelson than Pitt.

And it is because, as long as the world lasts, courage, endurance and self-

sacrifice will ever hold the highest place in the hearts of the people; because the tales of golden deeds never grow old in the telling, however oft repeated; because,

In all lands and through all human story
The path of duty is the way to glory,

that the days of the great Indian Mutiny will live in the pages of history while history shall last. It was then that individual heroism and fortitude, endurance and strength of will, rose to a height that was sublime. It was simply and solely due to individual efforts that the Indian Empire, the National honour, and hundreds of thousands of lives were saved. Administrations failed utterly, Councils in high places blundered as egregiously as men could blunder. Those in authority shut their eyes wilfully and stubbornly to the muttering of the approaching storm, and when it burst possessed neither the force of character nor the self-reliance—so cramped and paralysed were they from long years of precedent and routine—to grasp the situation in a moment, and with strong hand stem the tide ere it overwhelmed them. So they hesitated and delayed. They passed half-measures that were worse than none. They clung vainly to old ways of thought and old modes of action; worse still, they hampered and tied the hands of those

who would have helped them. Then, at the hour of England's greatest peril, rose England's bravest sons. The hour came, and with it the man. From unexpected quarters where least sought, rose some all-commanding soul, quick to see the thing to do and to do it fearlessly, ready to face the most fearful odds, and ready too to lay down his life in his country's service. Young boys fresh from home, their nerve untried; peaceful civilians who had never dreamed of handling the sword, frail women to whom but a month before life had been all sunshine, gaiety, and flirtation. The hour came, and, "true to occasion, true," the hero-spirit blazed up within them, glorifying and refining, and from ordinary everyday men and women raising them to the ranks of the immortals.

Whenever we think or speak of the great Mutiny, two names rise always to our thoughts, coupled together by association, though widely different in their stories, Lucknow and Cawnpore. One the scene of our greatest triumph, the other of our most awful disaster, the two spots, only forty miles apart, preserve yet, after forty years, relics and memories to recall vividly the events that made them famous, to point a lesson and a warning; and dull indeed must be the imagination of the tourist, and dim his patriotic feeling, who would pass them by unnoticed in even the briefest visit to India.

In the natural order of things, since they lie so close together—forty miles in India is considered but just across the road—Cawnpore and Lucknow are visited one after the other, and Cawnpore generally comes first. It is best that it should be so, for it needs the happier recollections of the successfully held Residency to counteract the too painful feelings of failure and awful tragedy that yet hang heavily over the latter place. Of the two towns Cawnpore is least altered, though of course the lapse of almost a generation and a half has wrought changes here as everywhere else. The railway and the long station, with its refreshment and waiting rooms, its swarming troops of coolies, fat native clerks and harassed English officials, is since the days of the rebel-



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE

lion. Had it been otherwise who can tell what suffering might have been averted. Outside the building we hire a "gharry" drawn by a pair of small lean horses, and driven by a fierce, bearded Mohammedan. We pass beneath trees upon whose branches hang glorious tangled masses of purple bourgan-villia and orange creepers; through the swarming native bazaars whose rude and shapeless mud hovels, all clustered together for mutual support, look like nothing so much as a huge human ant-hill; past trim European bungalows and gaunt barracks. All is very quiet and still, brightly coloured and gay in the brilliant sunlight, peaceful and calm.

Presently the dusty road reaches a bare, open plain, and shortly after the gharri pulls up by a low hedge enclosing an area of rough grass, of perhaps an acre in extent, dotted here and there with small brick pillars. A few trees stand within the hedge, and in the midst is an old well with a crumbling wooden framework above it. The wells of India are very large, twice or three

times the diameter of English wells. A low broad wall of masonry surrounds them, and the water is drawn by a couple of mild-eyed bullocks, who walk slowly down a sloping path made at the side and so pull the rope over the pulley erected above the mouth. Beyond the enclosure stands the Memorial Church, not a beautiful structure externally, and over the hedge a party of English Tommies are playing cricket. Their shouts rise up in the still, hot air, the windlass of the well creaks and groans, the lean native who drives the bullocks urges

those in higher councils, had set himself to prepare a haven of refuge for the European population under his care. He had selected for this purpose a couple of barracks standing in the midst of a plain, and he proceeded to victual these and fortify them with earth-works against a contingency that to many then seemed remote indeed. But the time was short, and the ground, baked by months of drought, was hard as iron, and when the blow fell and the garrison fled to their stronghold the miserable earth walls, whose outline the



WHEELER'S ENTRENCHMENT, CAWNPORE

them with strange monosyllabic calls. It is hard to believe that within this narrow space has been witnessed the greatest tragedy of our century; that confined within its boundaries is the scene of suffering unspeakable and heroism sublime. This was the site of "Wheeler's Entrenchment."

The great wave of rebellion that swept over all India reached the military station of Cawnpore, at the latter end of May, 1857, and found it all unprepared. True, the General in command, Sir Hugh Wheeler, had in some measure read the signs of the times, and, more alive to the danger than many of

little hedge now marks, were scarcely more than four feet high, and not even bullet-proof at the top. The provisions collected were sufficient for four weeks only, but more than enough it seemed to the people who gathered there on the 22nd of May with orders to bring with them sufficient things for a few hours or a day or two's stay only, for by that time the rebels would be marching to Delhi and they would be safe.

Then followed the first of those foul acts of treachery which have defamed the name of Nana Sahib with a blot almost as black as that of Judas. That suave, bland, native prince, hiding under

his courteous and gracious bearing the bitterest hatred and malignity towards the English, assisted by his creature Azimoolah Khan, who but three years before, during a visit to England, had been the lion of a London season, and the pet of fashionable drawing-rooms, had planned a devilish revenge upon the white man for wrong done him, for a grievance he certainly had against the Government—a grievance that to a native's eyes seems blacker than to ours. So when poor old Sir Hugh in his sore distress turned for assistance to the powerful Rajah, whose friendly attitude seemed so well assured, the Nana was full of sympathy and help. He would come at once with his soldiers and guns, and so in a few hours he did. But it was against the frail defences that the guns were turned, and it was to the destruction of the helpless garrison that the traitor led his men.

Then for almost three weeks endured a siege of which our century at least, thank God! has never seen the like. Within that small enclosure, where all is now so still and calm, were herded together a thousand of our unhappy countrymen and women, of whom almost one-half were helpless women and children, and barely 400 men capable of

fighting. A little flock of defenceless sheep—lost sheep—in the midst of a ravening pack of wolves, thirsting for their blood, cut off entirely from the outside world, waiting, how eagerly, for the help that never came, falling day by day, but selling their lives as dearly as they could, and drawing the closer together for their thinning ranks. There was no protection in that crumbling fold from the shot and shell falling so thick from guns that ceased neither day nor night. There was no protection in that pitiful shelter from the flaming sun through the hottest days of the fiery Indian summer, when life is a burden and work a torment even to those to whom punkahs, ice, and every expedient for keeping cool are necessities. Every drop of water for those fainting hundreds had to be obtained from that well, where now the bullocks patiently toil, and on this spot, with fiendish cruelty, the enemy concentrated all their fire. Every bucket drawn was at imminent risk of life; too often the water was paid for and stained with the life-blood of him who drew it, while the post of "Captain of the Well" was assigned to the bravest man in the company, and short was the time he held it ere death claimed him. Not one cupful of that dearly-bought



BAILLIE-GUARD GATEWAY, LUCKNOW

fluid must be used for purposes of personal cleanliness, and what must that alone have meant to those tenderly-nurtured women and children? Smallpox, cholera, fever, ran havoc among the fast-dwindling flock; every evening a yet longer row of pitiful corpses lay under the shattered verandah, and every night their weary comrades stole out over the mud walls, and lowered them sorrow-

A little Hindu temple stands beneath a spreading tree, and before it a broad flight of stone steps lead down to the water's edge. On this little landing-stage were gathered, on the 27th of June of that eventful year the survivors of the three weeks' awful siege. Ragged they were, worn and wasted, but hope and gladness filled their hearts, for surely now their trials were nearly over, and



IN THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

fully into a dry well, where now a noble cross stands high over their bones, surrounded by beds of brilliant flowers.

A mile further along dusty lanes brings us to the second scene of that sorrowful drama, and here the forty years have wrought little change. The sacred Ganges flows slowly and majestically by in broad and shimmering curves; along the banks the "dhobies" or washermen beat the clothes and lay them to dry on the clean sand as they have done for countless generations.

for many indeed — would it had been for all! — the end was very near.

Under the archway on one side of the steps stood old Sir Hugh Wheeler, under the other the Nana's officers, and between them the work of bestowing the women and soldiers in the thatched native boats that were to bear them to Allahabad and safety went on apace. Suddenly from the little temple sounded a single warning trumpet-call. Instantly the native rowers of the boats left their charges and swam to shore, while from



THE MASSACRE GHAT, CAWNPORE, 1857

either bank, from guns and men hitherto concealed, opened a "deadly fire upon the unsuspecting English. The thatch of the boats was fired, some sank, and others stuck fast in the mud, the shore was alive with hundreds of pitiless and raging murderers, armed with guns and swords, thirsting for blood. Not long the massacre lasted. The defenceless crowd could offer no resistance, their enemies knew no mercy; soon all was silent on those blood-stained steps, while a little band of women and children rescued from the slaughter for a more awful fate, were led away wounded, fainting, and heartbroken, pitied even by their devilish foes, to the prison-house, where they lingered yet another three weeks of misery before their terrible release.

And now comes the last scene. The gharry drives us from the "Massacre Ghât," a long way through the scattered European settlement and crowded picturesque native town until the beautifully arranged and splendidly kept

Memorial Gardens are reached. The blazing sun is sinking westward, the heat of the day is passed. Over all hangs that perfect calm, and serene peace and quiet of an Indian afternoon. Beneath graceful, shady trees, and between beds of gorgeous blossoms, we wander slowly, till at the end of the broad path we see, gleaming white and radiant, Marochetti's beautiful marble screen. It stands in an open space surmounting a small mound, and beside it is a solitary red-coated English soldier. All day long, and all the year round a sentry stands beside this spot, and his duty is to see that no native, be he humble coolie or high-born rajah, sets foot even upon that hallowed place. Reverently we ascend the grassy slope and enter the carved doorway. The setting sun throws long shadows from the delicately traced screen, and bathes in glorious yellow light the figure of the white angel that watches with folded wings above the grave of the slaughtered

innocents. She stands beneath a lofty cross, with down-bowed head, and in her hands she bears the palm-branch of victory. The inscription about her feet tells how "beneath lie the bones of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, July 16th, 1857." The pure white marble, the lovely face of the guardian angel, the brilliant, beautiful garden, the golden sunset and the evening calm, all blend together in one harmonious picture that will linger in the memory when many another scene has faded. Reverently we walk around the grave of our murdered countrywomen, reverently we pass out, and as we close the gate behind us we echo in our hearts the words carved above it: "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

Turn we now to another and a brighter scene. The prosperous, picturesque city of Lucknow is all agog, for it is race week, and the hotels are crammed with visitors, and the streets with carriages of smartly-dressed ladies and the gorgeous retinue of wealthy natives. But our way lies not towards the race-course and polo-ground, but northward through broad thoroughfares and quaint bye-streets, past huge palaces and noble buildings, now turned to peaceful and useful employment as Government offices and the like, but once the residences of the dissolute Kings of Oude, and bearing names that have grown familiar to us all as connected with the several advances of Havelock and Colin Campbell, for every inch of the ground we traverse was hotly contested, not once only, but three times over.

And presently we see before us, set back a little from the road, a ruined gateway. The crumbling sides are richly swathed with gorgeous wreaths of purple creeper, and the grey stone arch is scarred and dented all over with the marks of a perfect hailstorm of shot and shell. Enter and you find yourself in a beautiful park of trim-kept grass slopes, shrubs and beds of flowers, all tastefully arranged among a number of ruined buildings, roofless, windowless, and fast falling to pieces, and everywhere scored with

the signs of bullet and cannon-shot. In some places the houses are utterly destroyed and their sites marked only by heaps of brick and rubbish; in others they are fairly intact. Some big guns stand on the lawns, and in the far corner is a quiet grave-yard, thickly strewn with white grave-stones and memorials.

This is the world-famed Residency; this is the spot where, without proper defences, shelter stores or arms, the little party of English held their own, for eighty-seven long days, against that raging sea of enemies, alone, unaided, and utterly cut off from the outside world. How that story, set in noble words by our late Laureate, has stirred all hearts and sent a thrill of patriotism and pride through the veins of even the most indifferent! With what force it appeals to us now as we enter the ruined portal and view the spot which a wise and thoughtful Government has left sacred and untouched, to be dealt with by the gentle hand of time alone! Here on the right is the long, lofty building, once the banqueting hall, but during the siege used as the Hospital. Too vividly do its battered stones bear witness to the truth of the poem—

Death to the dying and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell,

Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their shell.

On the opposite side of the path stands a dismantled house which once was the residence of the Residency Surgeon, Dr. Fayrer, and still bears his name. In one of its rooms passed away the hero of the siege, the wisest man in India, Sir Henry Lawrence. It was due to his splendid forethought and management that the fate of Lucknow was not that of Cawnpore. By him the Residency was stored with provisions and ammunition; by him, while yet there was time, defences were raised, frail indeed, but sufficient, with the brave hearts behind them, to keep the wolves out of the fold till succour came. He was mortally wounded during the first days of the siege in the Residency itself—a large building whose remains are in the centre of the enclosure—and was carried to Dr. Fayrer's house, as a less exposed position. For two days

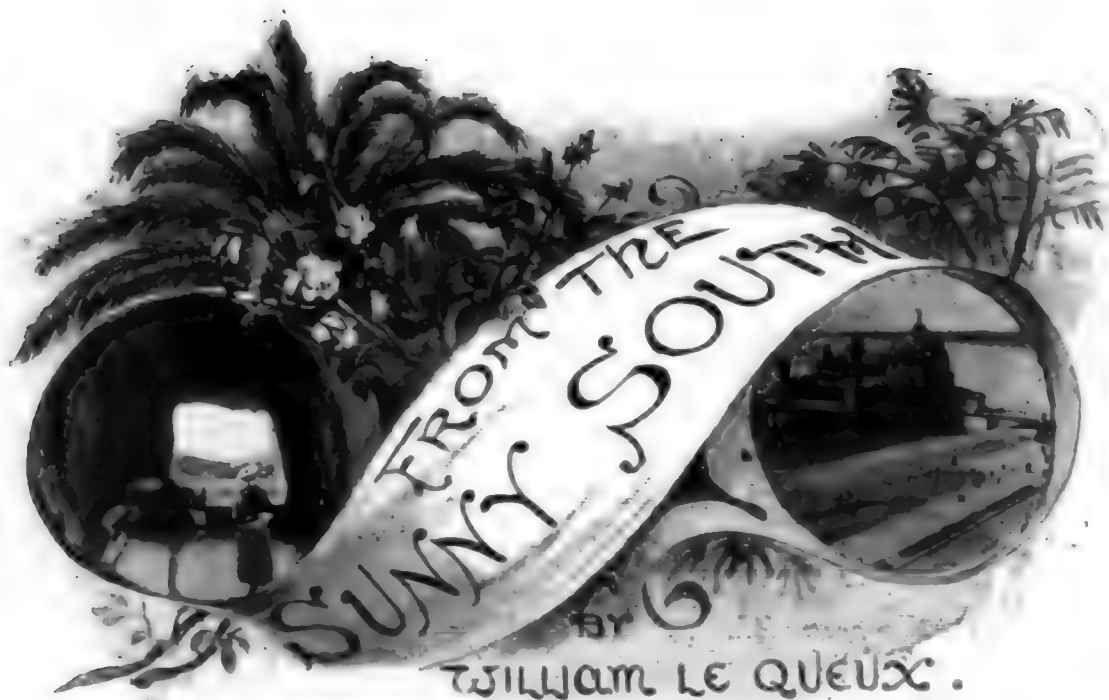
he lingered on in terrible agony, but full of thoughts and words only of anxiety and advice for those he was leaving. His end was that of a Christian soldier and gentleman; of whom can more be said? He was borne to his rest by a party of men called from the guns for that purpose; rough, grimed and heated, they knelt each by the side of their dead general and reverently kissed the beloved face; then they laid him, by his own special request, in the same grave with those of his comrades in arms who fell that same day; and later, over that peaceful spot in the little burial ground round the ruined church, was placed the simple stone slab bearing the epitaph dictated with his dying breath, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

And might not this motto be repeated over all those lowly tombs? Did they

not, one and all, "try to do their duty"? Those patient, gentle, ever-helping women and children, who passed the agonising hours and laid down their weary lives in those cellar-like rooms under the Residency; those brave soldier-hearts who day by day and hour by hour held their lives in their hands, did each the work of a dozen men, fought doggedly against overpowering odds, held untenable positions, hoped against hope, shed their blood as water; those tried and trusted dark Indian faces, firm and steadfast, sorely tempted, faithful unto death—they did their duty and a thousand times more than their duty; they fought together as comrades, they rest together as brothers and sisters, and they have won for themselves an immortal crown of glory that shall never fade or dim while time shall last.



THE HOSPITAL IN THE RESIDENCY



III.—ROLLICKING ON THE RIVIERA

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE FINEST DRIVE IN EUROPE.

THE finest drive in Europe, perhaps, indeed, in the entire world, is from Nice by the Corniche Road over the mountains to Mentone. To Nice, the town of oranges and flowers, of preserved fruits, carnival junketings and pretty women, I hope ere long to devote a special article. Therefore suffice it to say that, in order to accomplish the journey, it is necessary to be on the road before 9 a.m., with four horses bearing merry bells jingling upon their collars, a driver who is usually Italian, and several genial companions, not forgetting a basket of refreshments. The drive is so picturesque and thoroughly enjoyable that, personally, I endeavour to accomplish it once or twice each season, and only a few days ago I went, finding new features of interest, although I had been over the road on perhaps a dozen previous occasions. As we drive through Nice and

up the bank of the stony Paillon the morning marketing is not yet over, and many envious eyes are cast in our direction when our driver cracks his long whip warning gossippers out of our way. Soon, however, we pass the *octroi* limits, turn into that great road constructed by Napoleon, and commence the ascent into the most beautiful part of the Riviera. After twenty minutes or so we all descend and walk, for the road is steep up Mont Gros. We toil up almost as high as the Observatory, and this sparing of the horses is advisable. An hour is thus spent in steady ascent until, on reaching the other side of the mountain, we look down upon the harbour of Villefranche, the brown rocks, the wooded promontory of St. Jean, and the blue, tranquil Mediterranean—a panorama which is enchanting to all who have never before witnessed it. There are thousands, nay millions, who have been to Nice, and have never taken this drive, yet the

view is undoubtedly one of the sights of the world. Possibly they do not go for two reasons; first on account of the expense, and secondly because it takes a whole day to accomplish it. Nevertheless, no one should set foot in Nice without travelling over the Corniche.

Having accomplished a further gradual ascent, we pass a carefully-guarded mountain fortress where entrance is strictly forbidden, according to a huge painted notice that can be read half a mile away, and traversing the bare mountain now almost devoid of herbage, so high is it, we look down upon Beaulieu, with Lord Salisbury's villa gleaming white among the olives and oranges, while on our left rise the high, towering snow-capped Alps constantly changing from blue to purple and rose as sun or shadow strikes them—truly a scene of most impressive grandeur. At such an altitude are we that as we pass the ancient rock-village of Eze, standing in a dark narrow gorge on the point of a conical hill with its old castle still guarding the little place, it looks a mere toy village. By this time the mountain air has sharpened our appetites, and as we approach a little inn, almost the only one on the road, a place patronised for the most part by shepherds and soldiers from the fortress, it is suggested that we

should halt for refreshment. This we do, bringing out our basket, arranging tables and chairs on the balcony of the little place, spreading our impromptu meal and ordering from the innkeeper a bottle or two of his ordinary white wine (*vin du pays sec*), a most palatable beverage, costing only a franc a litre. Indeed, this wine is known throughout the whole countryside for its excellence; many occupants of the big villas below at Beaulieu and Monaco have it regularly on their tables. None who know its excellence ever pass that lonely little mountain inn without having a tumblerful. I am one of those. After half-an-hour's rest, the ladies admiring the view, and the men smoking cigarettes, we push forward to La Turbie, a small but prosperous little place situated on the brow of the high brown rock, under which Monte Carlo nestles so cosily. From here, a mountain railway runs down to a point near the Casino, and from the road we are traversing a superb view is obtained of the tiny Principality of Monaco, Monte Carlo, and the rock standing so boldly out in the tranquil sea. It is here that we have reached the highest point of our drive, and we now begin to descend, obtaining delightful views of the great dog-faced mountain, called the *Tête de Chien*, passing Roquebrune, and getting continuous and extensive views of the blue



ROQUEBRUNE FROM THE CORNICHE ROAD

Italian coast away eastward where Bordighera clusters white upon the shore.

At length, after descending a road of marvellous construction, over bridges and through enormous cuttings, we descend sharply until we skirt a stony brook which brings us down to the sea in the centre of that paradise of invalids, Mentone. There are hotels, good, bad, and indifferent in Mentone. Those who drive into the town, or who go over by train for the day from Nice, Cannes, or San Remo cannot do better than make the Hôtel de Menton their headquarters, for here they will find an excellent luncheon in a very pleasant room overlooking the promenade; they may rest and take their coffee, etc., under the palms in the garden, and will not find the charges at all exorbitant. Mentone, however, is not a lively place. Half the visitors seem to be drawn about in bath chairs—a conveyance seldom seen at Nice, and never at Monte Carlo—while the other half patronise the donkeys kept by those smiling, brown-skinned old women with Provençal straw hats, shaped like inverted soup plates. The principal street, which runs parallel with the sea, is very much like the familiar High Street of an English country town, and, indeed, the whole character of the place is far more English than the other Riviera resorts. The promenade is a sorry place after those at Nice or Cannes, for in dry weather it is inches deep in white dust, while a shower converts the place into a slough of extremely sticky mud, ruinous to the fine clothes of the ladies. Two or three days may well be spent, however, in exploring the environs of Mentone, which are extremely picturesque and interesting. We may climb up the torrent-path to the quaint, un-get-at-able old village of Gorbio, surrounded by its patches of cultivated ground, so carefully reclaimed from the mountain-side; or push up the wild valley of the Carei to the ancient rock-village of Castellar, built in the days when the Saracens and Barbary pirates so often descended and devastated the coast. In wandering about the Riviera nowadays, it is hard to believe that,

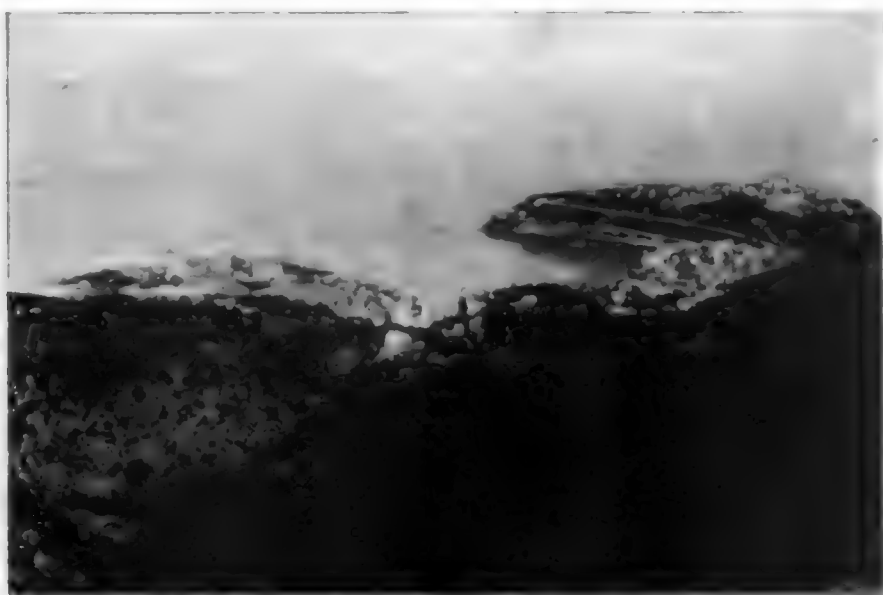
until a century ago, the Corsairs were still a terror in this land, and fierce attacks were of almost weekly occurrence. It was in order to be in a defensive position that these rock-villages were built; and certainly some of them were absolutely impregnable. Few visitors, unfortunately, care to explore these places, and as it is one of the objects in these articles to point out the practically unknown spots, I give photographs of them, which, I hope, may prove of interest.

The return journey from Mentone to Nice, CAP MARTIN AND MONACO, if we drive, will, of course, be made by the lower road, which follows the beach the whole way, and in order to vary the scenery we may traverse the magnificent pine woods of that spot so beloved of royalty, Cap Martin. We pass in front of that great caravansery of emperors, the Cap Martin Hotel, and, rejoining the high road, wind beneath the pretty village of Roquebrune to Monte Carlo, thence through Monaco, Beaulieu—where new hotels and villas are springing up everywhere—and Villefranche, arriving home in Nice in time for a late dinner at nine o'clock. To those who make the journey I have described I would give a word of advice, namely, to leave the conveyance at Monte Carlo and return by train. After sunset the drive becomes very wearisome, and as the dew on the Riviera is heavy and deleterious to health, it is far best to return by rail. No one who is going to the Riviera this season, or who is already there, should leave without having travelled by the Corniche route. It is a journey to be done, and will be remembered throughout one's lifetime, for the days are generally perfect, and there being an absence of mist, the extent of the view is indescribable. As I wish my notes to be of practical use to travellers, I may as well add that among the many people in Nice who will undertake to drive persons singly or in parties from that town over the world-famed road, there is no better livery stable to go to than that of M. Gassin, in the Rue de France, in Nice. I have employed his vehicles many times, and have never once been overcharged.

When these lines
 HOW TO LIVE appear the English
 IN NICE. exodus to Nice will
 have commenced.

Many will go to witness the Carnival. To them a few hints will perhaps, prove of value. First, it is admitted that the present season has been one of the worst ever known. In October and November there was a bad outbreak of typhoid; then came the Fashoda incident, which kept many people in England; and lastly, there was a foolishly exaggerated report that scarlet fever had broken out. Of course, some of the streets of the old town of Nice are not

other resort; even far cheaper than many. Furnished villas on the heights around the town may, in many instances, be had for the proverbial song. A friend of mine lately took a pretty little furnished villa, with beautiful gardens, orange trees, and olives, on the Route de Fabron, paying only five hundred francs for five months, or not a pound a week! And this is in a most charming and sheltered situation, with beautiful views, through the grey-green olives, of the sea. Many other villas of similar size and price can be obtained—not, of course, on the Promenade des Anglais—while for those who do not care to pay



MONTE CARLO FROM THE CORNICHE ROAD

watered with otto of roses, and sanitation is not what it might be; nevertheless, the municipality are, even though tardily, at this moment spending millions of francs in placing the town in a sound and healthy condition. Another improvement now being carried out is the laying down of a vast system of electric trams, which, when completed, will run from Cannes, *via* Nice, Beaulieu, and Monte Carlo, to Mentone. It is expected that they will be in working order for next season. Popularly, it is supposed that Nice is an exceedingly dear place to live in; but that is not so. Those who have had experience in residence on the Continent can live here as cheaply as in any

the high charges of the big hotels, there are a number of excellent *pensions*, one of the most comfortable, home-like, and entirely English in table, sanitation, etc., being the well-known Pension Anglaise, a large villa on the Promenade des Anglais, the most sunny spot on the Riviera, kept by Monsieur Beretta, a very polite and highly-respected townsman of Nice. The large Riviera hotels, even if their prices were not so stiff, are extremely uncomfortable places, always noisy, and always overcrowded. I have known during Carnival ladies who have paid a sovereign a night for sleeping in bath-rooms at the hotels, while most of the dining-rooms are turned into male



THE VILLAGE OF CASTELLANE

dormitories. At the *pensions* there is never that wild tumult and uproar, that constant coming and going, so irritating to those who desire rest and enjoyment, for people who stay at *pensions* usually remain the whole season, and at night form a very homely and pleasant party in the salon. As an old *habitué* of the Riviera, I always avoid the big hotels. Their *table d'hôte* is pleasant as a change, but life in them—and I have tried it—is a round of glare, glitter, and excitement, which becomes simply intolerable after a fortnight.

Among constant
 BLOTS UPON visitors to Nice there
 NICE. are this season one or
 two subjects of com-

plaint, of which it is to be hoped the municipality will take notice. First the metropolis of the Riviera is this season suffering from an invasion of beggars. The place is infested by them, many of them being maimed, and, in order to enlist sympathy, they exhibit their hideous deformities to the passer-by. It is no uncommon thing when walking along the Promenade des Anglais, or in the principal thoroughfares, to have a handless arm thrust under one's nose, a frightful hideous stump, unwashed and horrible. To ladies in a delicate state of health the shock is often a terrible one, and more than once I have noticed ladies turn pale at the horrible

sight. Fearful-looking diseased creatures of every age and both sexes swarm in the streets, and the free hand they are given in soliciting alms, and threatening those who do not give, has become an absolute scandal to the town. A few years ago the police cleared a pest of flower-girls from the streets, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be aroused to a sense of duty in this particular. Again, at this spring-time, when the season is in full swing, half the roads are being repaired and are impassable, while for two months the upper end of the Promenade, in the best end of the town, has been in the course of repair. The Municipal Casino and Winter Garden, supposed to be for the use of visitors, is given over to a most disreputable gambling crowd, and is so filled with the *demi-monde* that respectable people hesitate to go there, or even pass through into the theatre, while at every kiosk in the streets prints are exhibited which are an outrage to public decency. I am a cosmopolitan and nothing of a puritan, but the crude woodcuts exhibited in the streets of Nice are absolutely disgusting and ought certainly to be suppressed, an opinion with which I believe every one of the thousands of English visitors to Nice will agree. Space does not permit me to refer to any of the many other blots upon this, one of the most

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beautiful towns in the world, yet if Nice still desires the continued patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, the police must bestir themselves and sweep the town clean of all these abominable pests. I have had a wide experience of French towns, but I have never visited one where the police are so inactive, or where vice is so pampered as in Nice. Indeed, it is fostered by the municipality itself, who actually give to members of the *demi-monde* season tickets bearing the word "invitation" for the Casino!

There are a good many Englishmen just now in Florence. The only club which has seemed to obtain any degree of success

THE EGREGIO
CLUB.

club, and its members are gentlemen. Italians are not eligible for membership, although it is extremely cosmopolitan, consisting of English, Americans and others, including even an Egyptian Bey. It is run upon the lines of the Athenæum, for a member cannot introduce a visitor, and the secrecy of its headquarters is carefully guarded by its members. The subscription is rather high, and at the rare function of the election of a new member a considerable amount of champagne is consumed. Many of the Italian nobility have of late applied for admission to the privileges of this institution, but the bye-laws are extremely strict in this respect. In summer a branch of the club is established at Leghorn during the bathing season,



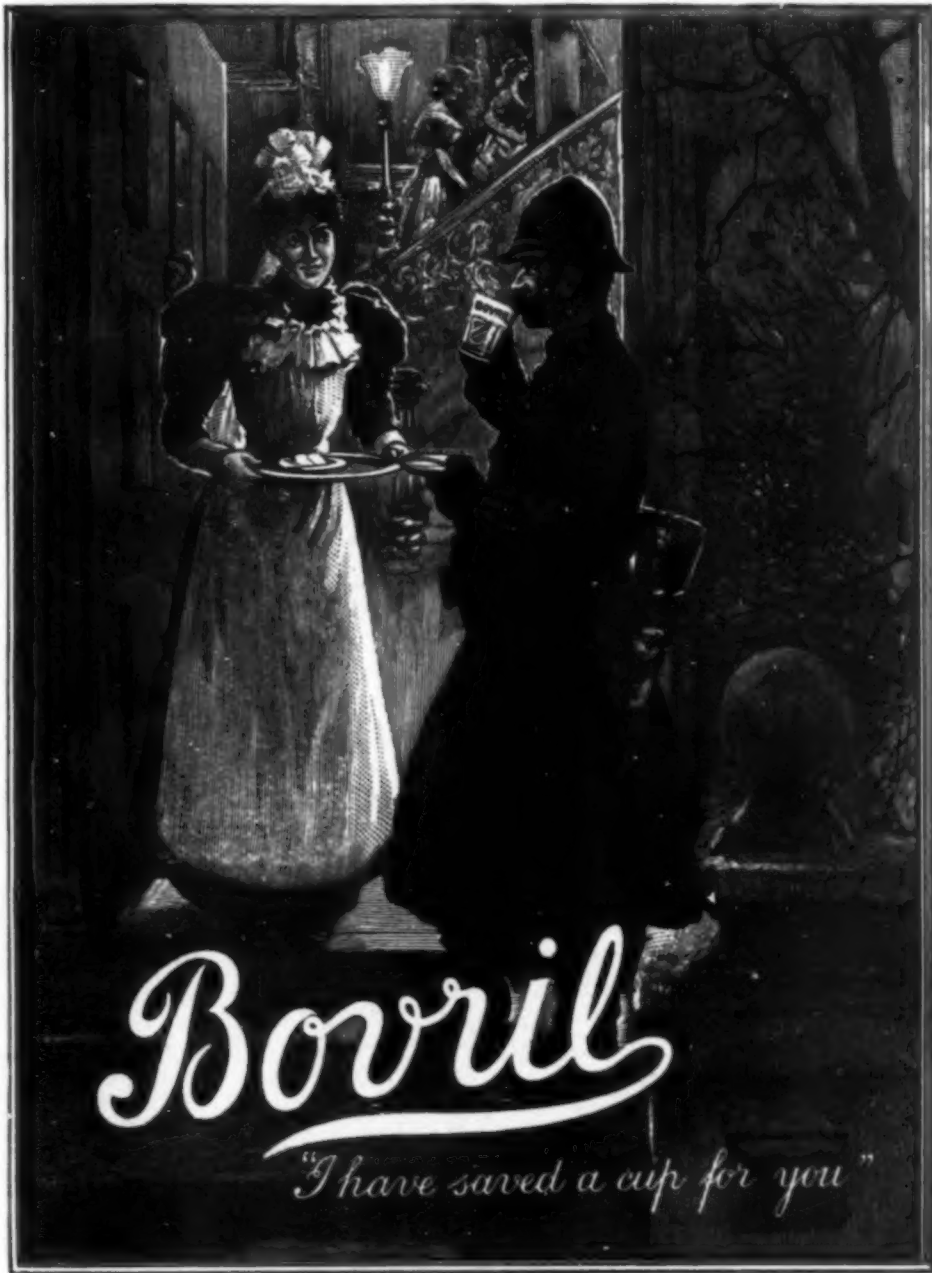
SANTA MARGHERITA

there is the Egregio Club. This very select and somewhat secret institution is limited to gentlemen possessing certain qualifications, election being extremely difficult, and it has as president one of the best-known men in Florence. It is an off-shoot of that well-known institution, the Due Altri, and as a social centre is certainly unequalled in Italy, although its existence is not generally known even to Florentines. As an original member of the Egregio, I can assure Englishmen spending the winter in Florence that it is as select and pleasant as any Pall Mall

in a very pleasant and central situation.

A GOOD
GONDOLIER.

Quite a number of people have written asking me if I know in Venice a gondolier who will carry them well, will not overcharge, and will be civil and trustworthy. To these I would strongly recommend Giuseppe Penso, who is not only very dexterous in the handling of his craft, but is also a reciter of a no mean order. If you have any acquaintance with the Venetian dialect you will sit and listen



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in rapt attention to his melodious tones as he recites some stirring incident in the history of ancient Venice. His number is 14, and he belongs to the Traghetto in front of Daniel's Hotel. No Englishman will regret taking him, for he is a thoroughly good fellow. While on the subject of overcharge for boat excursions, I cannot refrain relating a story which is just now going the rounds of the Riviera hotels. An American from the West a few weeks ago visited the Sea of Galilee with a Cook's party. He took a boat and went for a row upon the historic lake, being charged over a sovereign for a ten minutes' excursion. He paid, but having done so, pensively remarked: "No wonder He walked!"

A place very little known to the English who winter abroad, but which has a growing popularity is the small Riviera town of Santa Margherita. Out of curiosity I visited it a few weeks ago, when passing from Pisa to Genoa, and found it a delightful little place, well sheltered under the Monte de Portofino, amid charming scenery, and devoid of those unpleasant smells which too often render the smaller Italian towns unbearable. Situated in the Gulf of Rapallo, it is only seventeen miles east of Genoa, between Recco

and another winter resort very popular with Italians, Rapallo. There are a couple of good hotels, a number of cheap *pensions* where one can live very comfortably for seven or eight lire a day, wine inclusive, and it has the unusual advantage of being a health resort the whole year round. On every hillside great white villas are being built; there is already an active movement on foot for the construction of a fine promenade, and there is also every evidence that, in a year or two, it will equal in popularity San Remo or Bordighera.

Those looking out for a villa in a place where the bathing is good, where the sea is of that same sapphire hue as at Nice, and where, in winter, the air is mild and delightful, cannot do better than visit Santa Margherita, for, just now, land can be had for a mere song, and villas purchased at most reasonable rates. Moreover, the picturesque little place, of which I give a photograph, has the advantage of being in close touch with Genoa and all its gaieties, and yet it is charmingly secluded and select. To those tired of the eternal whirl and excitement of the French Riviera I would strongly recommend this new resort, which is certainly as healthy, as comfortable, quieter, and very much cheaper.

